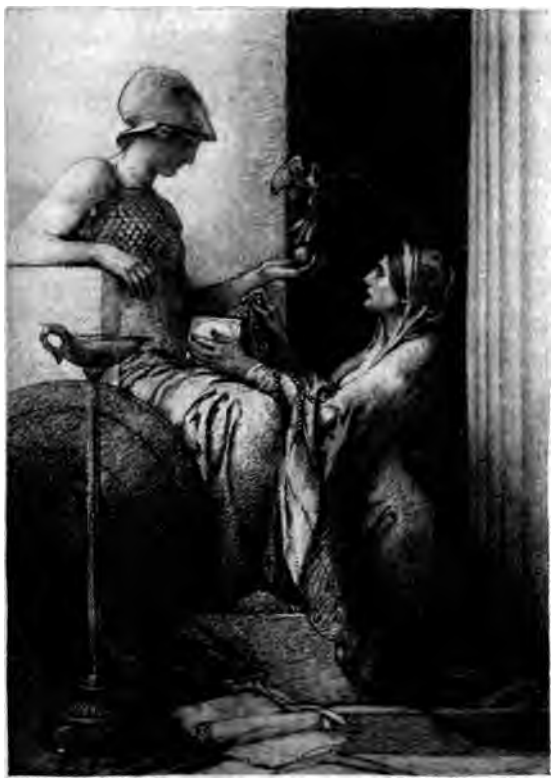

THE
SILVAE OF STATIUS

TRANSLATED WITH INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

THERE appear to be two reasons why the *Silvae* of Statius have never before been translated into English. In the first place, the text has until recent years been perpetually changing. Even now it can hardly be regarded as settled. But the hope of obtaining further MS. evidence is slight, and the appearance of Vollmer's commentary and of fresh recensions in three series—the Teubner, the new Corpus, and the Bibliotheca Oxoniensis—marks a distinct epoch in the literary history of the volume. There is, in fact, no longer quite the same difficulty of interpretation that Politian felt when he declared that 'si quis Papinium pergat excutere, nullum fore inquirendi finem; vixque absoluto superiore statim scrupum alium occurrere'[1]. The general student is not now, as of old, confronted at every step with unsolved problems in textual criticism. The second reason is this. The style of Statius is so extremely artificial, and his meaning at times so hard to grasp, that it is usually difficult, and often impossible, to produce a rendering that shall be at once idiomatic and faithful to the original. 'Quel français pourrait rendre, quelle logique pourrait expliquer et *hoc* et *illud*?' says M. Nisard in referring to two expressions of the poet: and if so brilliant a writer as M. Nisard has to own himself at fault, it may reasonably be inferred that the task is not easy. Nevertheless the poems have been translated into French, German, and Italian, and it

[1] See Markland's note on I. iii. 51.

is time that in English also a version should be attempted, if they are to be made accessible to the average scholar, and read as widely as they deserve.

The ideal translation would necessarily be in verse. It is a pity that Pope confined himself to rendering a single book of the *Thebaid*; for Pope had much in common with Statius, and a translation by him might have come as near as a translation ever can come to conveying in English the effect of the Latin. He would have reproduced something of the brilliancy and finish of the original; and his verse, through the mirror of a perfect form, would have reflected the splendour of the Statian Hexameter, which at its best is unsurpassed except in Virgil. All this is beyond the reach of humble prose; but until a poet takes the matter in hand, even a prose rendering is probably better than none. The belief that this is so has led me to complete, after a long interval, a version which was begun six years ago for the purposes of a course of lectures on the poems to the students in the Humanity classes at Glasgow. The work, which was originally designed to form the first volume of a complete edition of the *Silvae*, would hardly have been finished (in the very scanty leisure at my disposal) even now, but for the generous assistance of Professor Phillimore, who, with characteristic kindness, went through the whole in manuscript at a time when he was fresh from his recension of the text, and not only solved several of the more inscrutable difficulties, but also suggested again and again some felicitous turn or concise rendering, where the temptation to be content with a feeble con-

strue or a vague paraphrase was almost irresistible. Nor do my obligations end here. Professor Hardie of Edinburgh has read through the whole, and Mr. Garrod of Merton a large part, of the translation as it passed through the press, and to both of them I am indebted for valuable suggestions and corrections; while I have also to thank my colleague, Mr. Franck Arnold of Cardiff, for many shrewd criticisms and much ungrudging assistance. For all the shortcomings in what has proved to be a difficult undertaking the responsibility rests with me alone.

The text followed in the translation is that of the Bibliotheca Oxoniensis, except where a footnote indicates a divergence. It seemed convenient to accept that text as a general rule, even in places where other readings presented greater attractions. But it will probably be admitted that more latitude is permissible in Statius than in other authors, and I have therefore occasionally allowed myself to adopt—usually in passages of more than ordinary difficulty—either a rival emendation, or a stop-gap conjecture of my own. The author of each such reading is named in the note. The variants for which I am myself responsible are indicated by an asterisk; some of these last were published in the *Journal of Philology* (vol. xxx, pp. 133-60), others are new.[1]

Notes have been very sparingly added. The commentaries of Stephens (Cambridge, 1651) and Vollmer

[1] In a few places the translation goes back from conjectures to the readings of the MSS. In such cases the letter M indicates the Madrid MS., and the symbol ϛ inferior MSS. or anonymous corrections that date from the Renaissance.

(Leipzig, 1898) are pretty generally accessible, and the reader cannot afford to dispense with one or other of these guides, if he wishes to acquire something more than a mere nodding acquaintance with the poet.

My obligations to magazine articles and miscellaneous criticisms are too numerous to identify and acknowledge in detail here, but an effort has been made to refer to its author any important debt of which I am conscious. Special mention should, however, be made of papers in the *Journal of Philology* by Professor Robinson Ellis and Mr. Hugh Macnaghten; by Professor Housman and Professor Postgate in the *Classical Review*, and by Professor Postgate in *Philologus*. There is also one critique, which in spite of considerable bias and some inaccuracy is so lively and stimulating that I have allowed myself to refer to it—and even to quote it—with what may be thought undue frequency. M. Nisard, in the first volume of his *Études demœurs et de critique sur les Poëtes Latins de la Décadence*, devotes some seventy-five pages to Statius. In the preface to his second edition (1849) he speaks of these studies as a young man's work, and is inclined to regard the judgements as severe. His readers will probably endorse this opinion: but the chapters on Statius are too piquant to be left unread, and it would be difficult to find a more animated and at the same time more faithful account of the conditions under which the poetry of the silver period was for the most part produced.

LLANISHEN, GLAM.

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INTRODUCTION

I

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS, 'il dolce poeta,' the man who used almost by common consent to be regarded as the most eminent poet of the silver age, and whom Pope considered second only to Virgil among Latin writers, the pagan through whose verse shines at times so touching a piety and so religious a devotion, that down to Dante's day, if not later, he was thought to have been in secret and at heart a Christian,[1] was born at Naples in about the year 45 A.D. So slight is the record of him which has come down to us in contemporary literature, that until the rediscovery of the *Silvae* in the year 1417-18 by Poggio Bracciolini, on the occasion of his attendance in the Papal retinue at the Council of Constance,[2] the authorship of the *Thebaid* was ascribed to Statius the rhetorician of Toulouse. It was under this style that he was known and loved by Dante and Boccaccio. And it is as

> The Tholosan that hightè Stace

that he finds a niche in Chaucer's *House of Fame*.[3]

[1] See Dr. Verrall's article in the *Independent Review*, vol. i (1903), pp. 246 sqq.

[2] The point was first established by Mr. A. C. Clark, *C. R.* vol. xiii (1899), pp. 124 sqq.

[3] iii. 370.

From the *Silvae*, however, we are able to reconstruct in outline the poet's biography. The story as a whole is shadowy but sufficient. Of his father the portrait is sharp and distinct. He was a schoolmaster, with a brilliant reputation as a teacher,—the successes of his pupils bulk largely in the poem which commemorates his death,—a well-educated man of respectable family, strong and domineering in mature life, with a touch of the famous Dr. Busby about him,[1] but chiefly remarkable for his passionate devotion to Greek literature. There is a ring of genuine conviction about the lines in which the son celebrates with filial pride his father's mastery of the classics and the fame of his Praelections. It was clearly to his father that Statius (like Horace) owed his career. His mother he only mentions once.[2] We know no more about her than we know about the mother of Virgil; and it is a mere conjecture that ascribes to her influence the chivalrous attitude of Statius towards women which characterizes both the *Silvae* and the *Thebaid*. Statius, the father, was not only a schoolmaster, but also between whiles a poet. M. Nisard, in his brilliant but cruel sketch, makes very merry over the few poor garlands which the father had won at the various games in Italy and Greece, at which the bards of the time were matched against one another in contests that must have nearly resembled in essentials a Welsh Eisteddfod of to-day. These faded chaplets were, apparently, the

[1] See *Silvae*, V. iii. 183–4.
[2] Ib. V. iii. 241 sqq.

only patrimony that the son inherited,—these, and an unbounded enthusiasm for poetry and literature. Such an example could not fail to colour the son's tastes and ambitions. And there were two other influences at work—the beauty of his native place and the neighbourhood of Virgil's tomb. If there is one feature in Statius more striking than another, it is his devotion to beauty in all its forms—in nature, in literature, in art: *δεῖ δέ που τελευτᾶν τὰ μουσικὰ εἰς τὰ τοῦ καλοῦ ἐρωτικά.*[1] And it would be hard not to believe that he owed this devotion in a measure to those early years in Naples, whither he returned so eagerly in middle life—disillusioned—from Rome.

> Down by the Sirens' bay, my second home,
> Warm, wide and blue, laving a shore divine,
> But reared on treacherous crust of ash and slag,
> Heaven built on Hell, Venus with Vulcan wed,
> Where Heaven and Hell and Earth of old, they say,
> In unforgettable conflagration jarred
> And still the flame sleeps underneath the flowers;[2]

a land of mild winters he calls it,[3] and temperate summers, of fair scenery and stately buildings, of innocent recreations and congenial friendships.

It was at Naples, two miles out on the Puteoli road, that Virgil lay buried. Dr. Warren refers to the legend that even a stranger like Saint Paul was brought there on landing for Rome.

[1] Plato, *Republic*, iii. 403 C.
[2] Dr. Warren, *The Death of Virgil*, ll. 19 sqq.
[3] III. v. 81 sqq.

To Maro's mound the way they led:
The Apostle raining o'er the dead
The true and tender tear;
Alive, he cried, hadst thou been found
How high a saint I here had crowned
Thou poet without peer![1]

From a chance phrase in the *Lament for his Father* it is clear that Virgil was the hero of the poet's boyhood as of his later life. 'Thou bad'st me hope,' he writes, 'to win honour for my grave.' Here, as elsewhere, he speaks of Virgil with bated breath. Three passages might be cited in illustration of this devout enthusiasm, which is among the most lovable traits in the poet's character. (1) The lines in which he half anticipates the name which Tennyson in his memorial poem echoes from Dante.[2] 'By thy counsel it is, Maximus, that my lyre dares aspire to the rapture of the Mantuan's music.' (2) And again, in the letter to Marcellus, he has gone to this tomb for inspiration:

With feeble hands I touch my puny lute,
And in the precincts of the Master's grave
Take heart and to his shade rehearse my song.[3]

(3) Last, in the Epilogue to the *Thebaid* he disdains to be regarded as the rival of Virgil. The poem may live, and he asks long life for it and good success; only it

[1] Dr. Warren, op. cit., p. 8, renders thus the Latin lines—formerly sung in the Mass of S. Paul at Mantua—'the original of which will be found in Comparetti's *Virgilio nel Medio Evo*, cap. vii.'

[2] IV. vii. 25 sqq. Cf. Sidonius Apollinaris, xxiii. 146.

[3] IV. iv. 53 sqq.

must not challenge the supremacy of the *Aeneid*, but 'follow afar off', as a devotee in the footsteps of the Master—

Tu longe sequere et vestigia semper adora.[1]

One tradition sometimes explains another; and it is possible that in the fascinating legend of S. Paul's visit to Virgil's tomb lies the clue to the popular belief enshrined in the *Purgatorio* that Statius was a convert to Christianity, 'outwardly a courtier of Domitian' (the words are Dr. Verrall's) 'but inwardly an adherent of the Apostles.'[2] Dante represents this conversion as 'brought about through the instrumentality of Virgil's prophetic lines in the *Eclogues* (iv. 5–7). That this language was in some sense 'inspired', and that Virgil therein 'prophesied of Christ' was a common mediaeval belief; but its application to Statius in particular is peculiar to Dante, and . . . is intended for the glorification of Virgil, and also, perhaps, to enhance the pathos of the 'duro giudizio' by which Statius is 'taken' and Virgil 'left'; and by which Virgil, though able 'appresso Dio' (xxii. 66) to 'save others', cannot 'save himself'.[3] This explanation—which Dr. Moore himself appears to offer with some diffidence—can hardly be considered altogether satisfactory.

[1] *Thebaid*, sub fin.

[2] 'The Altar of Mercy,' *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, No. 1, June, 1907. In that article Dr. Verrall does not, if I remember rightly, accept the story of the conversion.

[3] Dr. Edward Moore, *Studies in Dante*, first series, pp. 30 sqq.

Now, 'it was probably in the early spring of the year 61 that S. Paul arrived in Rome.'[1] At the time of his visit to Puteoli, Statius was therefore a boy of fifteen or sixteen; and it is open to us to indulge the fancy that the Apostle and the Poet may even have met at Virgil's tomb. The supposition squares so well with date and tradition that it would be rash to dismiss it lightly; but, at the same time, it might be dangerous to labour the point, and suggest, as one is tempted to do, that Statius was taken up to Rome by his father in the course of the next two years and that he there developed an association or even a friendship with the Apostle. No one would be likely now seriously to argue so fanciful a theory, but —with the tradition of S. Paul's visit so firmly established, and the evidence of our poet's fondness for haunting Virgil's grave so readily accessible—early theorists may have come to associate the two ideas, and on these shadowy grounds based or supported their invention or tradition, some rumour of which may well have been current in Dante's times, even though no written record of it survives to-day. It may be in this sense that he lets Statius speak of Virgil (or Virgil's Messianic Eclogue) as having been instrumental in bringing him to Christ. Certainly the teacher who wept that he had not found Virgil himself alive to convert, might well be regarded as eager to baptize Virgil's devotee. Here, then, was a better reason for

[1] Lightfoot's *Philippians*, p. 2.

regarding Statius as a Christian than the less worthy desire merely to provide a foil for Virgil.[1] All this, it will be said, is fanciful and visionary; but the possibility is tantalizingly real, and the accepted theory provokingly inadequate.

To return: these, then, were the leading influences under which the poet grew up out of boyhood—a great example, a scholar father, a beautiful environment. It was his misfortune to live at a time of decadence. In the preface to the First Book of the *Silvae* he speaks rather pathetically of a brother poet, a wealthy man, Vopiscus, as a conspicuous champion of letters at a time when literature was almost in its grave—'qui praecipue vindicat a situ litteras iam paene fugientis.' The youth of Statius knew no Maecenas: it was a period of struggle. Indeed, the one contemporary reference to him, the allusion in Juvenal, tells how, in spite of his popularity, he might have been left to starve, had he not contrived to make enough interest with an acting-manager to get his play—the *Agave*—accepted for the Stage—

> When Statius fixed a morning to recite
> His *Thebaid* to the town, with what delight
> They thronged to hear! With what fond rapture hung
> On the sweet strains made sweeter by his tongue!

[1] It is necessary to add that Dr. Moore's words are very emphatic on the point:—'This supposition,' he says [i.e. that 'Statius being supposed a Christian poet, Christian doctrines could with less violence be put in his mouth' (than in Virgil's)], 'is a pure fiction of Dante's own.' Op. cit. p. 33.

Yet while the seats rang with a genial peal
Of boisterous praise, the bard had lacked a meal,
Unless with Paris he had better sped
And sold a virgin tragedy for bread.[1]

Domitian, on his accession in 81, had been expected to inaugurate a golden age, a second Augustan period—

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Caesare tantum.[2]

But the hope was short-lived, and how grievously it was finally to be disappointed we can read not only between the lines of Martial but in the stinging invective of which Juvenal delivered himself, after the tyrant's death, when it was no longer impossible to be outspoken.[3]

It is necessary to remember that Statius grew up under the Flavians and came to his full strength in Domitian's reign, if we are to form a just judgement of his performance. The limitations were severe. No one could fairly look for any manifestation of daring originality at such a period. Freedom of speech was stifled. Speech of any kind had to be prefaced with

[1] Juvenal, vii. 82–7 (Gifford's Translation). Dr. Moore inclines to think that Dante adopted from Juvenal the epithet *dolce* which he twice applies to Statius (*Studies in Dante*, first series, p. 256, where the passages are cited, viz. *Convito*, IV. xxv. 60, and *Purgatorio*, xxi. 88 '*Tanto fu dolce* mio vocale spirto'). But he does not instance any other *first-hand* quotation from Juvenal in Dante, and as he does show at some length (pp. 343–55) that his author was thoroughly familiar with both *Thebaid* and *Achilleid*, we may perhaps be allowed to regard the epithet as representing not an echo but an independent estimate.

[2] Juvenal, vii. 1. See Teuffel, vol. ii, § 314.

[3] Juvenal, *Satire* iv.

extravagant flattery to the throne. The fate of Lucan had enforced the lesson of caution. Possibly the early training of Statius would in any case have led him to be academic. But as it was he had no alternative. 'Stace compose pour son auditoire,' says M. Nisard,—and it is no doubt a true indictment,—but even M. Nisard makes some grudging admissions. 'Il y a de l'imagination et quelque noblesse dans cet enfant de Naples, que l'air de la cour impériale a gâté. Il n'est pas donné à tous de tirer d'une lyre dont la tyrannie a brisé les plus belles cordes des sons qui font rêver encore à la poésie absente, ni de faire croire qu'*avec la liberté* ces inspirations bâtardes et ces élans comprimés auraient pu être du génie.' [1]

We have only glimpses and hints of our author's youth and early manhood. There were early efforts in verse; early exhibitions before his father's clients; an early and apparently a very happy marriage with a lady named Claudia, who was sincerely attached to him and of whom, as of his accomplished stepdaughter, Statius writes in terms of absolute if not ardent affection; last, we hear of early successes at those contests in which his father before him had borne a distinguished part. In middle life we find him established as Poet Laureate, if we may use the term, at court, with many friends, the freehold of a small estate near Alba, and, it would seem, at least a competence. Then comes the withdrawal to Naples; and he appears to have had the good fortune to die before

[1] Nisard, op. cit. p. 305.

his prime was altogether past. The life, apart from the literary output, was not an eventful life (the outstanding incidents were nothing more exciting than visits to friends at Tivoli or Sorrento or Rome), but it was to all seeming tranquil and happy. The darkest disappointment was the failure to obtain the coveted oak-wreath, the prize in the greatest of the declamatory contests, the *Agon Capitolinus* in Rome.[1] This it was—this and a severe illness—that led him to retire from Rome and spend those last years in his native Naples. There in sheltered seclusion he perhaps retouched his great work on the legend of the Seven against Thebes, the *Thebaid*, a literary epic which had occupied the leisure of twelve years, and which remains a monument, possibly rather a soulless but certainly a very brilliant monument, of perfect technique. It is probable that to the period of retirement at Naples belong several of the *Silvae* as well as the fragment of the *Achilleid*, a second and in some respects more ambitious epic, which was to have gathered up into one whole all the post-Homeric legends of Achilles, and which in freshness and vigour of treatment promised to surpass the *Thebaid*.

At Naples the poet lost an adopted son, and the blow—which he commemorates, as his custom was, in verse,[2] in what, to the present writer, has always seemed the most plaintive and pathetic poem in the collection—may very possibly have hastened his own death, which is placed in the year 96 A.D.

[1] III. v. 31–3. [2] V. v.

II

The *Silvae* do not profess to be more than *vers d'occasion*. The title itself stamps them with this limitation. They are impromptus, composed in the first instance at high speed under the sudden impatient spur of the moment. 'Afterwards,' says Quintilian, 'the author (of a rough draft like this) will take up his tablets once more and retouch his work. But only the rhythms and expressions are amended. The subject-matter has been put together at random, and retains after revision its original triviality.'[1] Statius is at pains to tell us in the Preface to the First Book that not one of the six poems it contains took more than two days to complete. The lightest and prettiest—on the Baths of Etruscus—was composed at a supper party in acknowledgement of his host's hospitality! It is not without some hesitation that he publishes these fugitive pieces: but they are being pirated by others, and a desire to send them out into the world in the best shape he can give them, and a recollection that the great masters—Homer and

[1] *De Institutione Oratoria*, x. 3, § 17 'Diversum est huic eorum vitium, qui primo decurrere per materiam stilo quam velocissimo volunt et sequentes calorem atque impetum ex tempore scribunt; hanc *silvam* vocant. Repetunt deinde et componunt quae effuderant; sed verba emendantur et numeri, manet in rebus temere congestis quae fuit levitas.' Quintilian, in this passage, is discussing composition in general, not poetical composition in particular, although Virgil's methods have been mentioned in the immediate context. But it is quite possible that he wrote with special reference to the *Silvae*, which were the talk of the town at the time.

Virgil—have been guilty of similar trivialities, leads him to collect and dedicate the poems to his friend Stella, a poet like himself, who may therefore be expected to prove a kindly critic.

This is the gist of the initial preface. Each of the four following books is ushered in with a somewhat similar introduction. Nor is there any real reason to doubt the truth of the author's assertions, especially if they are read in the light of Quintilian's comment. The volume contains thirty-two pieces in all; and these vary very much in theme and in merit. Nearly all are addressed to friends. Dr. Härtel has pointed out that the best of them are, as indeed we should expect, addressed to his best friends—Stella, Pollius, Melior, Abascantus, Celer.[1] Acquaintances receive but poor and perfunctory tributes.[2] In a sense it is unfortunate for the poet's reputation that the volume has survived almost entire.[3] If only a selection remained, scholars would be slow to call in question Niebuhr's emphatic verdict. 'The *Silvae*,' he says, 'are genuine poetry, imprinted with the true character of the country and constituting some of the most graceful productions of Roman literature.'[4] But when Niebuhr wrote thus, he was not thinking of the pieces

[1] *Studia Statiana* (Leipzig, 1900), pp. 30 and 33.

[2] Cf. e.g. II. vi, which Dr. Härtel contrasts with II. i.

[3] At least one poem in honour of Flavius Sabinus has been lost. Sidonius Apollinaris, c. 22, p. 338 Sav. See Imhof, *P. Papini Stati Ecloga ad Uxorem* (Halis, 1863), p. 4.

[4] As quoted in North Pinder's *Less Known Latin Poets*, p. 374.

which the poet composed, it may be presumed, with a view to the advancement of his interests in high places, the pieces which brought him in his Alban freehold:[1] not, for instance, of the Poet Laureate's verses on the Equestrian Statue of Domitian, which the obligation to begin by paying tribute to Caesar thrusts to the front. 'We must begin,' says the Preface, 'by singing of Jove'—Domitian, it will be remembered, insisted on being addressed as our Lord God Domitian!—The position of these lines on the threshold may well have driven away many a reader from the volume. 'This ode was dreadful to us' (writes *Harry Richmond* on a similar occasion), 'and all the court people pretended they liked it. When he waved his right hand towards the statue there was a shout from the rustic set; when he bowed to the Margravine, the ladies and gentlemen murmured agreeably and smiled. We were convinced of its being downright hypocrisy, rustic stupidity, court flattery.' The same criticism applies to the other laureate effusions. But no poet laureate—from Horace to Tennyson—has ever been judged by his official performances. Tennyson's great ode, he is careful to record, was not a poem written to order, but the expression of 'a genuine admiration' for the Duke.[2] The court poems include such performances as *The Lion*[3] and *The*

[1] III. i. 61 sq.

[2] *Tennyson, a Memoir*, p. 756 (popular edition).

[3] 'Puisque César ne veut pas que tu le flattes, eh bien! flatte son lion.'—Nisard.

Dedication of the Lock, and they number seven in all. If we leave them out of consideration and judge the writer by the twenty-five that remain, it is easier to form a fair opinion of his talent. But we shall still find ourselves wishing that he had left Horatian metres to his friend Passennus Paulus,[1] and confined himself to the hexameter, which he had made his own, and to the hendecasyllabic metre, which he handled with not less skill and perhaps even more effect than his rival Martial, for 'the moulds of the Alcaic and Sapphic were broken at Horace's death'.[2]

Six poems in hexameters may be grouped together under the title of *Laments* or *Consolatory Verses*. Four are descriptive of buildings or temples. The subject of one is a plane-tree in the park of a friend, and, like Ovid and Cowper, Statius too has some playful verses on a parrot. Other themes are Lucan's birthday and the praises of an admirer, Bolanus. The collection also includes an Epithalamium, a letter, a sketch of a famous statuette, and a short poem on Sleep, which is admitted to be a masterpiece. Mackail compares this last to a sonnet by Wordsworth or Keats, attributes it to the writer's youth, and applies to it the words of Doctor Johnson on Gray—'Had he often written thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him.' The *Silvae* as a whole lose so much by being divorced from their metrical form that

[1] Cf. Pliny, *Epp.* IX. xxii. 19 'Nuper ad lyrica deflexit, in quibus ita Horatium ut in illis (i.e. elegis) illum alterum (i.e. Propertium) effingit.'

[2] H. A. J. Munro.

I am glad to be able to quote here a verse translation of the poem by an anonymous contributor to the *Oxford Magazine*,[1] who, by the way, has excised what Mackail considers a blemish in the original, the allusion to Argus of the thousand eyes.

What sin was mine, sweet, silent, boy-god Sleep,
Or what, poor sufferer, have I left undone,
That I should lack thy guerdon, I alone?
Quiet are the brawling streams: the shuddering deep
Sinks, and the rounded mountains feign to sleep.
The high seas slumber pillowed on Earth's breast;
All flocks and birds and beasts are stilled in rest,
But my sad eyes their nightly vigil keep.

O! if beneath the night some happier swain,
Entwined in loving arms, refuse thy boon
In wanton happiness,—come hither soon,
Come hither, Sleep. Let happier mortals gain
The full embrace of thy soft angel wing.
But touch me with thy wand, or hovering
Above mine eyelids sweep me with thy train.

Side by side with this 'invocation' may be set a second rendering in verse,—which the kindness of my friend Mr. Garrod enables me to print,—from the close of a *Lament* on the death of the boy Glaucias, the adopted son of Atedius Melior. The illustration will show better than many words with what skill Statius can

[1] November 25, 1903. The version turns out to be by Mr. W. H. Fyfe, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and it is with his kind consent and by the courtesy of the Editor that it is reproduced here.

handle a commonplace theme, the Universality of Death.[1]

And so Death took him. Yet be comforted:
Above this sea of sorrow lift thy head.
Death—or his shadow—look, is over all;
What but an alternating funeral
The long procession of the nights and days?
The starry heavens fail, the solid earth
Fails and its fashion. Why, beholding this,
Why with our wail o'er sad mortality
Mourn we for men, mere men, that fade and fall?
Battle or shipwreck, love or lunacy,
Some warp o' the will, some taint o' the blood, some touch
Of winter's icy breath, the Dogstar's rage
Relentless, or the dank and ghostly mists
Of Autumn—any or all of these suffice
To die by. In the fee and fear of Fate
Lives all that is. We one by one depart
Into the silence—one by one. The Judge
Shakes the vast urn: the lot leaps forth: we die.
But *he* is happy and you mourn in vain.
He has outsoared the envy of gods and men,
False fortune and the dark and treacherous way,
—Scatheless: he never lived to pray for death,
Nor sinned—to fear her, nor deserved to die.
We that survive him, weak and full of woes,
Live ever with a fearful eye on Death—
The how and when of dying: 'Death' the thunder,
'Death' the wild lightning speaks to us.
In vain,—
Atedius hearkens not to words of mine.
Yet shall he hearken to the dead: be done,
Sweet lad he loved, be done with Death, and come,

[1] Cf. M. Nisard, pp. 272–3, on *Le Lieu commun*.

Leaving the dark Tartarean halls, come hither ;
Come, for thou canst, 'tis not to Charon given,
Nor yet to Cerberus, to keep in thrall
The innocent soul : come to thy father, soothe
His sorrow, dry his eyes, and day and night
A living voice be with him—look upon him,
Tell him thou art not dead (thy sister mourns,
Comfort her, comfort as a brother can)
And win thy parents back to thee again.' [1]

Statius is seldom introspective and never didactic.—For criticism of life and rules of conduct we must go to Horace.—His muse is above all descriptive. The life of the hour is everything to him. Even the beauty and the pathos of the consolatory verses yield to the descriptive pieces. Perhaps this is what M. Nisard means when he says that verses came to Statius before thoughts, and that verse was, in fact, part of his system 'comme toute autre faculté, comme le grand nerf sympathique, comme la poche de l'estomac'. We might retort in the words of a great critic, 'that mere expression is to an artist the supreme and only mode of life,' and that, at least as an artist in language, Statius deserves a high place in literature. Yet in the *Silvae* is mirrored a vivid and faithful reflection of Flavian Rome,—of the people and their doings, of their homes and their environment. It is from the *Surrentine Villa* [2] that Dean Merivale reconstructs the typical Mansion of the period. Not a point is missed in the

[1] II. i. 208 sqq.

[2] II. 2. Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire*, c. 64.

Statian description. The situation, the approach, the outlook over the Sirens' Bay, the art-collections disposed in the galleries within. Nor is the picture of the villa which Vopiscus owned at Tivoli drawn with a less faithful and discriminating touch. A series of photographs [1] could hardly reproduce the effect of the whole or the charm of the details more vividly. If the pictures of people are as a rule less distinct,—though some of these, too, are lifelike enough, at least as outlines; witness the gracious and adorable Polla or the frank and impetuous Bolanus,—yet the same skill appears in the treatment of a 'function' or a crowd.

The *Epithalamium* is as full of animation and reality as Sir John Suckling's famous *Ballad*. It is true that we have first to read how the marriage was made in heaven; how the Cupids pleaded Stella's cause with their mother; how she debated his claims; and how the deities interested brought their presents to the wedding. But the group of pictures that emerges is true to the life. The gathering of the invited guests; the stir of preparation; the beat of the wands on the doors; the happy bride, the anxious bridegroom; the storm of flowers; the remarks of the onlookers; and, in the background of the whole scene, the cool vistas of marble colonnades, with the shady trees and the jetting fountains in the courtyard; and the suggestion, as night falls, of the Fescennines which were an essential characteristic of a Roman marriage,

[1] This phrase suggests at once the strength and the weakness of the poems.

though they shock the English reader—of to-day. Yet even the most puritanical censor can find little here, and nothing elsewhere, in Statius to expurgate; for in striking contrast to his contemporary Martial, whose epigrams are described by Dr. Tyrrell as 'a pathological museum of vice', Statius is remarkable in a corrupt age for the refined purity both of his life and of his poetry.[1]

It may be doubted whether M. Nisard is not too hard upon the poet for his employment of mythological machinery. '*Cette froide mythologie étouffe tous les inspirations de Stace.* Certes il était né avec quelque génie; il aimait les champs, les oliviers, les fontaines, l'azur du ciel et de la mer, premières et dernières amours des natures poétiques. Mais les usages de la Grèce, les dieux de la Grèce'—and so on. It is true that almost throughout we are in a kind of fairyland which might belong to any century. Whatever the occasion, some god or goddess, some hero or heroine, steps down from the machine, now to praise, now to moralize, now to console. The erection of the statue to Domitian in the Forum elicits Quintus Curtius from the *lacus Curtius* hard by, to deliver a panegyric on the Emperor's virtues. The river-god Volturnus and the Sibyl of Cumae arise to bless the building of the Emperor's Road. Envy and Fate stand over the cradle of Glaucias and are busy about the death-bed of Philetus. Dryad and Faun, Muse

[1] See Lecky's *History of European Morals*, vol. i, p. 107, vol. ii, p. 325.

and Mercury meet us everywhere. It might be argued that this mythological machinery was imposed upon Statius by a literary convention as binding in its way as that which drove an Elizabethan poet to produce a sonnet-sequence. From the prologue of Persius and the first satire of Juvenal we know that the cult of mythology was carried to excess, but less perhaps by Statius than by his imitators. Everything depends on the taste and skill with which it is applied. No one, for instance, is likely to find serious fault with the legend of Pholoe and her lover as told in *The Plane-tree of Atedius Melior*. And it is open to us to defend the practice on the same grounds on which we might defend the fairy-tale or fairy-poem of to-day. Nobody believes in fairies now, but the old legends still retain their beauty even in this age of scientific enlighten-ment. The Muses and the Nymphs are the fairies of Greek and Roman literature. And if Statius peopled his world with such phantoms, we can hardly blame him; for in real life under the Flavians there must have been strangely little to admire and love. The supernatural plays a conspicuous part in many poems and stories. *Lycidas*, to take an instance at random, is not left upon the shelf because impossible personages file through the lines. Indeed Milton—himself a writer of *Silvae*—may be thought to have derived from Statius his application of mythology as well as his appreciation of the metrical value of musical and sonorous names. It is not altogether clear that the mythological actors in the scene are incongruous or impossible. To the

advocates of stern matter-of-fact, the Gradgrinds of society, with their 'Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else and root out everything else! You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts . . . In this life we want nothing but Facts, sir, nothing but Facts,' any touch of fancy or of fairy-land is odious. Those who can bear with 'cette froide mythologie' will find much in the *Silvae* that will arrest and hold their attention. There is, it is true, some mawkishness, some grotesqueness. There is the emotional excitement of the hot-blooded Italian, which is foreign to our colder temperament. Sometimes, in the description of painful scenes, there is even a realism altogether repugnant to modern reticence and self-restraint. But with it all the reader finds also passages of deep feeling and rare sympathy: a surprising skill and variety in the treatment of difficult and occasionally hackneyed topics. There are not only fine pictures but fine touches of minute and faithful portraiture. The style is the style of a master. Above all, Statius realizes more than any other writer after Virgil the manifold possibilities of the heroic hexameter, a metre which Frederick Myers described as 'perhaps the most compact and majestic that has ever been invented'. In Statius the verses move easily yet rapidly. They are both vigorous and musical. They have often the weighty opening and the sonorous close of the Virgilian Hexameter itself, the varying caesura, the frequent overflow, the studied introduction in successive lines of elements of varying

weight and character. It is the verse that carries the reader along. And many students of the metre will have felt this, and echo as they read the preference which Mr. Gilbert Murray expressed in the motto prefixed to his Oxford prize poem, *Olympia*, twenty-three years ago—

> Tene, gravis Stati, Cadmeorumque labores,
> Annaeine modos, Vergiliine sequar?
> Ille Maro deus est: rapit ignea Lucanum vis:
> Papinius nostri carminis auctor erit.

III

A great part of M. Nisard's critique of Statius is devoted to description and discussion of the meetings at which the poets of the period produced their work. Building partly on Juvenal and partly on the letters of Pliny, he describes these gatherings and attributes to their influence the decay of poetry. From the days of Horace and Ovid it had been the custom for a poet to recite extracts from his work to a few friends, on, or before, publication. Horace disliked these displays and seldom gratified his would-be hearers. Ovid, we are told, was more complaisant; and in exile, when he had lost the stimulus of a sympathetic audience, his muse flagged. Statius found the practice firmly established, and from boyhood was accustomed to declaim before select audiences of his father's friends and clients. From the lines of Juvenal it is clear that his recitations were a feature of the Rome of his day. M. Nisard considers that they had a damaging influence on his talents from the first. 'Ce qui a le plus

contribué à gâter le talent de Stace, ce sont les lectures publiques. Il faut voir ce qu'étaient ces lectures, d'abord confidentielles, puis publiques, qui commencèrent par être une mode et finirent par devenir une institution.' It is not my intention to follow M. Nisard in his brilliant reconstruction of the *mise en scène* of these performances: but only to note what is beyond dispute, that, in all probability, the bulk of the *Silvae* were originally written—like the *Thebaid*—for recitation. They hit the taste of the times, and leapt at once into fame. In striking contrast to this early popularity is the oblivion that followed. Only a single quotation from the volume has been registered as occurring in known inscriptions of an early period, and that in Africa.[1] A possible allusion to Statius may be traced in the words with which Quintilian[2] dismisses the post-Virgilian writers of Epic—'Ceteri omnes longe sequentur,' 'All others must follow at a distance in the Master's steps.' Four hundred years elapse before the Bishop of Tours, Sidonius Apollinaris, in his 'learned' verses refers to Statius, and again and again imitates his impromptus.

> Non quod Papinius tuus meusque
> Inter Labdacios sonat furores:
> Vel cum forte pedum minore rhythmo
> Pingit gemmea prata silvularum.

At about the same time the poems are known to, and are twice cited by, the grammarian Priscian.

[1] III. iii. 128–30. See Klotz ad loc.

[2] X. i. 86 (cf. *Thebaid*, xii, sub fin. 'Tu *longe sequere*').

After that the volume lay lost or hidden till the tenth century, when the poem on Lucan's Birthday was copied into a Caroline Miscellany, not long since rediscovered by Aemilius Baehrens. The love and reverence which Dante felt and recorded for our poet are too well known to require more than passing mention. But so far as can be ascertained Dante was only acquainted with the two Epics—not with the *Silvae*.[1] The same must be admitted in the case of Alcuin of York, Boccaccio, and Chaucer, all of whom make reference to Statius.

It was in the year 1417-18 that the great Humanist, Poggio Bracciolini, found a MS. containing the *Silvae* bound up with other poems, in the neighbourhood of Constance. The discovery did not provoke much interest at the time, and the MS. was afterwards lost, though not before a copy, or copies, had been made. The first printed edition was published at Rome in 1470, and a second text was issued with a running commentary by Domitius Calderinus in 1475.[2] At about this time the great Italian scholar and poet Angelo Poliziano lectured at Florence on the poems. He at any rate was an appreciative critic: 'While I am not prepared to deny that in the great body of Latin literature work may be found which will easily surpass these slight *Silvae*, either in the weight of their subject-matter or in the importance of their

[1] Dr. Moore, op. cit. p. 243.

[2] Markland, Pref. pp. xiv–xvi, used editions printed (1) at Venice in 1472, (2) at Parma in 1473, and (3) at Rome in 1475

argument, or in flow of language, yet I think I am entitled to describe them as being of such a character that for epic power, for variety of theme, for skill, for knowledge of places and legends, history and custom, for command of recondite learning and the arcana of letters, there is nothing superior to them in all Latin literature.'[1] To this extract from his prefatory lecture may be added another: 'Just as in the *Thebaid* and the *Achilleid* Statius made good his claim to be considered the second poet in his own line, so in these *Silvae*—in the composition of which he had no rival—he, to my thinking, excelled himself as much as in the epics just mentioned he had been excelled by Virgil.'[2]

The last purely *exegetical* edition of the *Silvae* to be published in England was the work of Thomas Stephens, whose tiny volume was printed at Cambridge in 1651, 'in tam perturbato rerum statu, cum undique insonuit

[1] 'Ut non ierim infitias posse aliquid in tanta Latinorum supellectile inveniri, quod his Silvarum libellis vel argumenti pondere, vel mole ipsa rerum, vel orationis perpetuitate facile antecellat,—ita illud meo quasi iure posse videor obtinere, eiusmodi esse hos libellos, quibus vel granditate heroica, vel argumentorum multiplicitate, vel dicendi vario artificio, vel locorum, fabularum, historiarum consuetudinumque notitia, vel doctrina adeo quadam remota litterisque abstrusioribus nihil ex omni Latinorum poetarum copia antetuleris.'—*Angelus Politianus* (in oratione quam habuit Statii Silvas praelecturus).

[2] 'Ut in Thebaide atque Achilleide secundum sibi inter sui ordinis poetas suo quasi iure locum vindicarit, ita in his Silvarum poematis, in quibus citra aemulum floruit, tam sese ipsum, ut meum est iudicium, post se reliquit, quam eundem Virgilius Maro in superioribus antecesserat.'—*id. ib.*

bellorum tuba.' After him came Markland, whose brilliant recension of the text, with critical and illustrative notes, appeared in 1728. Bentley appears to have done little more than read the poems; a few conjectures by him are preserved in a Bodleian copy of a seventeenth-century edition, but they help very little to the settlement of the text. Looking for appreciations of the volume we come next to Niebuhr, whose brief but emphatic judgement has been already quoted. Pope, and after him Gray, had 'played with Statius' (the phrase occurs in one of Gray's letters to West), but they, too, seem to have confined themselves to the *Thebaid*. Since the rediscovery of the volume innumerable pamphlets and articles on different *Silvae* and different problems of text and interpretation have appeared; from the days when the great Dutch scholar Gronovius and his French rival Cruceus amused the learned world with *Diatribe* and *Antidiatribe*, *Elenchus Antidiatribes* and *Muscarium*, to the very recent period when, chiefly in Germany, a battle-royal was raging over the *bona fides* of Politian's collation of Poggio's treasure-trove and the authenticity or non-authenticity of a half-line in the Matritensis.[1] But it was not till 1898 that a modern commentary on the whole work by F. Vollmer saw the light. Since then three independent recensions of the text have been published. The work is now readily accessible, and perhaps more likely than ever before to be read by such scholars as wish to study both the develop-

[1] See Dr. Postgate in the *C. R.*, vol. xvii, pp. 344 sqq.

ment of the Epyllion (of which the *Silvae* are an offshoot) and the capacity of the Latin Hexameter, as applied to other than strictly Epic uses. To the impartial critic it is curious to observe the conflict of opinion that has existed in the past and apparently still exists as to the literary value of the volume. If we turn to two of the most recent editors of the text, we find Professor Postgate (in the preface to the last volume of the new Corpus) stating in general terms, which must yet be read in connexion with Statius, that never has he been so much impressed by the truth of the maxim that Speech is Silvern, Silence Golden, as when engaged in editing the Silver Latin Poets; while Professor Phillimore half apologizes for appearing in the rôle of editor with the plea that it was not so much the fascination of the poems as the difficulty of the text that drew him to the task. Macaulay, as readers of his *Life and Letters* will remember, condemns page after page with the laconic comments, 'Stuff,' 'trash!' although out of his wide reading he is able, by his observations—such as 'Racine took a hint here', or 'Nobly imitated, indeed far surpassed, by Chaucer'—to bear witness to the influence that the *Thebaid* has exercised upon literature.

The last English writer to do something less than justice to the *Silvae* is probably Professor Tyrrell, who in his lectures on Latin Poetry,[1] dismisses Statius in a

[1] *Latin Poetry*, Lectures delivered in 1893 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation, &c. By R. Y. Tyrrell (London 1895).

few contemptuous sentences—'valuable goodwill in the poetic business'—'poet-laureate to the aristocracy'—'the commonplaces of rhetoric are the Alpha and Omega of his art', &c., &c. Part of his attack is directed against the Sapphic ode: but it is as unfair to judge Statius by this regrettable experiment in an unfamiliar metre as it would be to judge the editor of Cicero's Letters by his *obiter dicta* on a volume of poems, with which he appears to be as ill acquainted as was Statius with the mystery of the Sapphic. It is true that in his preface he expressly states that this particular lecture was based on Nisard; but he is surely to blame for repeating and endorsing his guide's mistakes. M. Nisard[1] had written: 'Stace colporta dans les maisons des grands sa facilité et ses inspirations disponibles'—(this is a plausible guess, not a proved fact)—'à celui qui avait perdu sa femme, il fit des vers pour cette femme—(this is true in so far that one out of the thirty-two *Silvae* is a fine tribute to the memory of a friend of Claudia's, a lady named Priscilla, who certainly was the wife of Abascantus); 'à celui qui avait perdu *son chien* ou son perroquet, il fit *des vers pour ce chien* ou ce perroquet'—(there is no poem on a dog by Statius extant); 'à celui qui venait de faire bâtir un palais, il fit la description et l'état de lieux de ce palais; à celui qui avait à son diner *un turbot pris à Ostie, il chanta l'excellence de ce turbot*'—(there is no *mention* of a turbot in Statius, and no poem, nor so

[1] Op. cit. vol. ii, p. 265.

far as can be ascertained any trace of a poem, by him on such a subject!). This, in fact, appears to be the most inaccurate passage in the whole of M. Nisard's critique; and it is therefore unfortunate that it should have been selected by Dr. Tyrrell[1] for reproduction, thus—'Statius the younger at once became poet-laureate to the aristocracy. The loss of a wife, a dog, a parrot, found in him a ready chronicler; orders were executed with punctuality and dispatch; and the building of a palace was not a theme too high for him, or the purchase of a turbot too low. Statius was, of course, a flatterer,' he continues, 'not only of the emperor but of his favourites, freedmen, and sons of freedmen, *for whom he invented pedigrees*!' If we turn again to M. Nisard[2], we read 'Les grands que Stace cultive sont des fils de fortune: ce sont des noms d'hier, sortis du peuple, affranchis ou fils d'affranchis . . . *Cela n'empêche pas que Stace ne leur fabrique des généalogies*,' &c. Freedmen are undoubtedly celebrated in the *Silvae*, but where are the forged pedigrees? Take, for instance, the description of Rutilius Gallicus, the governor of Rome—

> *Genus ipse suis* permissaque retro
> nobilitas.[3]

or read the lament on Claudius Etruscus,

> Non tibi clara quidem, senior placidissime, gentis
> Linea nec proavis demissum stemma.[4]

[1] Op. cit. p. 284.
[2] Op. cit. p. 269.
[3] *Silvae*, I. iv. 68.
[4] Ibid. III. iii. 43.

And compare the comment on the slave-child, Philetus—

> cui maior stemmate iuncto
> Libertas ex mente fuit.[1]

The gist of all this is that critics do not always read the works they criticize; and Professor Tyrrell's comments are not to be taken too seriously. Teuffel, Cruttwell, and Mackail give a much fairer estimate. Fortunately we are not called upon to 'class' the poet. If we were, and ranked him high, Dante, Politian, Niebuhr are great names behind which to shelter.

[1] *Silvae*, II. vi. 11.

SILVAE

'Ita se res habet. Curandum est, ut quam optime dicamus; dicendum tamen pro facultate.'

QUINTILIAN, *de Inst. Or.* x. 3. 15.

STATIUS

SILVAE

Book I

I *Quae superimposito moles*

The unveiling of an equestrian statue of the Emperor.

WHAT ponderous mass is this that, magnified to twice the size by the giant surmounting figure, stands as if with the Roman Forum in its clasp? Has the work dropped down completed from the sky? or did the finishing of it in the foundries of Sicily leave the hands of Brontes and of Steropes wearied out? or have Athenian masters fashioned thee for us, Germanicus, in such guise as was thine when the Rhine, and the Dacian, panic-stricken in his mountain fastnesses, saw thee but yesterday curb thy charger? Go to now, let the legend of the elder days marvel at the immemorial fame of the Dardan horse, for the building of which the holy heights of Dindymus and of Ida shrank stripped of their leafy pines. This charger Troy could not have admitted, though her walls were rent in a breach; nor mingled crowd of boys and unwedded maidens, nor even Aeneas nor great Hector could have brought it in. Aye, and laden with death, with

merciless Achaeans was the horse of Epeus; to this the gentleness of his rider lends winning graces. Sweet it is to see that countenance clouded [1] with the scars of war, yet wearing promise of gentle peace.

But think not the statue fairer than the man; like form, like grace, like goodliness has he. Mars towers not higher after the battle on the Thracian steed that exults to bear his giant bulk, and swiftly [2] with steaming flanks gallops by the river side, and his mighty breathing makes Strymon roll down the swifter. The place is worthy of the work; on one side our war-weary Founder's open gates, who first by the grace of his adopted son pointed to our Emperors and Gods the path to Olympus. From thy countenance he learns how much greater is thy clemency in war; for thou art not fain to vent thy rage even on the madness of strange peoples, but to Cattians and Dacians dost allow a charter. Hadst thou been chief, Caesar's son-in-law and Cato had bowed and come to terms with Caesar. Upon his broad flanks from this side the Julian halls, from that the proud Basilica of warlike Paulus looks down; behind thee thy father's temple and mild-

[1] Line 16. 'maesta notis.'* Statius elsewhere compares the light of the Imperial countenance to the radiance of sun and stars, as for instance in line 83 of this poem, and in IV. ii. 40–4. The words *maestus* and *mistus* are confused in a *Thebaid* MS., and Ovid (*Met.* xi. 272) uses *maestus* with special reference to the obscuration of a star. The expression *mixta notis* is so extraordinarily harsh that I am led to adopt my conjecture. Later in the line *que* is of course adversative.

[2] Line 20. 'nec tardo' (M).

eyed Concord. Thou thyself, thy head encircled by the unbroken air, dost outsoar and outshine the temples, seeming to watch and see whether the new pile on the Palatine, scorning the flames, rises more lovely than the old; whether the Trojan fire still keeps secret watch; whether Vesta now approves her handmaids whom reform has purged; thy right hand bids war to cease; thy left the Tritonian maid burdens not, but holding out Medusa's severed neck, rouses, as with a goad, the mettle of thy charger. Nowhere has the goddess a happier resting-place, not even on her father's hand. That breast is a breast that can unravel the cares of the whole world and the cloak that falls flowing from thy shoulders is one to fashion which Temese has yielded all her ore. Thy side fears nothing though the sword be at rest—a sword as huge as the blade with which great Orion menaces the winter nights and strikes fear into the stars. The horse, emulous of his rider's gallant air uplifts his head more eagerly and makes as if to break into career. The mane stands stiff upon his neck; the shoulders thrill as with life; broad his flanks and able to bear that mighty spur; the brazen hoofs planted on no sod of barren earth, but upon the hair of captive Rhine. The charger of Adrastus had trembled to behold him, and the horse of Leda's son is afraid in the temple hard by at the sight. He shall never obey but one master's rein; never a change of bridle for him; to one star alone shall he be true. Scarce can the earth support him; the ground gasps and faints beneath such

a burden,—a burden not of iron or of bronze, but of godhead,—though everlasting the pedestal that upholds it; so strong it might have supported the peaks of a mountain charged upon it, and had endured the grinding pressure of Sky-bearer Atlas.

No long delay was there either. The very presence of our God lightened the task. The workers, bent upon their labour, marvelled to find unusual power in their hands. Huge cranes creaked with the strain. Ceaselessly over the seven hills of Mars went the din, drowning the wandering noises of mighty Rome.

Even the Warden of the spot, whose hallowed chasm and legend-haunted pools preserve the record of his name, marked the myriad beat of bronze, felt the Forum bellow at the brutal stroke, and forthwith uplifted his countenance, grisly and mouldering yet full of awe; his brow hallowed with the well-won oak-leaves. At first he trembled at the flashing brilliancy, the giant port, of this mightier steed; and thrice in terror plunged his erected head in the chasm; anon, in joy at beholding our Prince, '*All hail,*' he cried, '*scion and sire of mighty Gods; from afar have I heard the fame of thy godhead. To-day, to-day is my marsh blessed and hallowed, now that it is granted me to see thee and thy deathless glory in thy home hard by. Once alone did counsel and contrivance of mine save Rome. Thou art*[1] *Jove's champion; thou art the conqueror*

[1] Line 79. Some such verb as *vincis* must be supplied with *bella* and *proelia* (Vollmer). The reference is to the struggle for the Capitol on Vespasian's succession.

of Rhine; thou hast checked cursed sedition, and in stubborn warfare subdued a mountain people slow to make peace. Hadst thou been born in my day, though I had quailed, thou hadst essayed to plunge into the pit, but Rome would have caught thee by the bridle-reins.'

Henceforth let the steed give place that over against the temple of our Lady of Latium stands in Caesar's forum, the steed which men say Lysippus hazarded for the lord of Pella, and which anon in amazement bore on its back a sculptured Caesar. With straining eyes scarce couldst thou discern how far below this it falls. None so dull but when he has seen both will count the horses as ill-matched as their riders.

Neither stormy winter nor Jove's triple lightnings, not the armies of the Aeolian prison-house nor the lingering years does this statue dread. It shall stand as long as heaven and earth, as long as the date of Rome[1] endures. Hither, in the silent night-time, when gods love to visit earth, thy kindred shall glide down from heaven to thy embrace, sister and brother, father and son shall assemble. On thy neck alone shall all these heavenly visitants fall.

From the nation and our noble senate is this gift. May it be for ever thine. Ah, an Apelles were fain to paint thee; the old Attic master in a fresh temple to mould thee to the semblance of Elean Jove. Soft Tarentum and rugged Rhodes, in scorn of her sculp-

[1] Line 94. Others understand the words *Romana dies* to mean 'the light that shines on Rome'. Cf. Martial, ix. 1. 8–9 'Manebit altum Flaviae decus gentis Cum sole et astris cumque *luce Romana*.'

tured sun-god, would rather have pictured the starlike brightness of thine eyes. Yet be constant: love thou thy earth: inhabit in person the temples we dedicate to thee. Let not the heavenly court delight thee, but live, live happy to see thy sons' sons offer incense to this thy statue.

II *Vnde sacro Latii*

The marriage of Stella and Violentilla.

WHY did the hills of Rome ring with that solemn music? For whom, Paean, dost thou take up the plectrum anew and hang among the tresses on thy shoulders the sounding ivory? Hark, from afar, from murmurous Helicon the Muses are journeying. From their nine torches they shake the ritual flame for the joining of the bridal; and pour forth a wave of song from the Pierian springs. Amongst them pert-faced Elegy draws near, prouder than her wont, and courts and counsels the Nine, her limping foot stealthily hidden, and fain would be thought a tenth Muse and goes undetected in their midst. The mother of Aeneas with her own hand leads the bride,—whose eyes are downcast and a winsome blush of shame upon her cheek;—with her own hand she prepares bridal rite and bridal bed, with Latin girdle[1] dissembles her godhead, and makes her countenance and brow and hair less lovely, rejoicing to give way before the bride.

[1] Line 13. '*cinc*tu' (Barth).

Ah, now I know what day this is, and what the occasion of this solemnity. It is of thee, Stella, of thee that these gods sing in chorus. Fling wide thy doors. It is for thee that Phoebus and Euhan and the winged lord of Tegea bring chaplets from bowery Maenalus, while the fond Loves and Graces cease not to pelt thee with countless flowers and to sprinkle thee with a cloud of fragrance as thou claspest thy longed-for lady snowy-white. And now roses, and now lilies and violets shower on thy brow, as thou shelterest that fair face.

And so the day was there for which the Fates had set up a snow-white skein,—the day whereon the nuptials of Stella and Violentilla must be noised abroad before all. Away with Care and Fear! Truce to sly shafts of sidelong satire! Let Rumour hold her peace. The old unbridled love has yielded to law and taken the bit in his mouth. The whispers of the people are at an end, and now Rome has seen the caresses it had talked about so long. But thou, Stella, art spellbound still, although the promise of such happiness is thine! Still at thy sighs and vows! Still afraid of the bliss kind heaven has granted! Truce, sweet minstrel, truce to thy sighing! Is she not thine? Her bower stands wide, and with steps unchecked thou mayest go to and fro. No warder forbids, no law, no shame. At length have thy fill of the embrace thou hast sought,—'tis thine,—and dream with her of the loveless nights of old.

Nay, for that matter, the prize was worth the quest,

though Juno had enjoined on thee the labours of Hercules, and the Fates constrained thee to battle with monsters of Hell; yea, though thou hadst been swept through the Cyanean surf. For her it had been meet ordeal to run the race at Pisa, quaking all the while to think of the terms and to hear Oenomaus thundering behind. Though thou hadst been the presumptuous shepherd who sat on Dardan Ida, or though thou hadst been he whom the kindly Dawn caught up and bore off in her car, yet thou hadst not had so fair a prize.

But now, while the crowd surges round the gates, while hall and threshold ring with the beat of many a wand, let the merry Muse even here tell what has bestowed on the bard, beyond his hope, the joy of this bridal. Time is ours to hold due debate, and the poet's home is skilled to listen.

It happened on a day, in the milk-white region of the cloudless sky, that gentle Venus was resting in her bower. The night had just fled. Her Thracian lord had released her from his rugged embrace. About the pillars of the bed thronged the boy Loves, asking what torches she bade them bear, what hearts transfix. Would she have them riot on land or sea, or embroil the Olympians, or still keep torturing the Lord of the thunder? With heart and will still unresolved, weary on her couch she lay, where the witnesses of guilt, the Lemnian's toils, stole upon and surprised that lawless passion of old; when out of the crowd of winged Cupids one, on whose mouth the fire burned fiercest,

in whose hands was a never-erring shaft, gently murmured with boyish lips, while his quivered brothers kept still silence: '*Mother,*' he said, '*thou knowest how my hand has never failed in the fray. Kindled to love is every god or man whom thou hast given up to me. Yet suffer thyself at last to be moved, mother, by tears and praying hands, yea and by the vows and entreaties of men: for we are not fashioned of unyielding adamant: thy children are we. A lover there is, of Latin blood, and scion of a lordly stock, whom Nobility recognized with joy as her own son, and gave him at his birth a name borrowed from our empyrean, in prescience of his starlike beauty. Relentlessly of old with every arrow from my quiver I pierced him,—such was thy pleasure,—and, as he staggered I drove shaft upon shaft through him. Eagerly Ausonian mothers sought him for their daughters, yet I tamed and overcame him, and made him bear a great lady's yoke, and for long years sue on in hope. But her, as thou badest, I lightly touched, sparing to strike, with the tip of my torch, and grazed her with a strengthless shaft. From that day (I am the amazed witness of it), how fierce the fire that broods in his love-sick heart, what force of my onset he sustains night and day! Never, mother, have I beset another so fiercely, and again and again driven my arrows home. I saw Hippomenes in those merciless lists run his eager course; yet even at the goal he paled not so. I saw Leander swimming the strait. Sturdy were his arms as oars, and I praised his strength and often lighted him upon his way; yet his fire, that warmed even the heartless sea,*

was not so fierce as thine, young lover, who hast surpassed all passion of old days. I myself have marvelled that thou hast outlasted such a fever of love, and have strengthened thy heart and dried with my soft wings thy streaming tears. How often has Apollo chid me that his bard should go thus sorrowful! Mother, grant him at last the bride he loves. He is our comrade and loyally bears our standard. He might have sung the travail of war, doughty deeds of heroes and blood-drenched battlefields. But he vowed his lyre to thee and chose rather to be the poet of love and to twine our myrtle leaves among his bays. His song is of young lovers' slips and his own wound that is not of yesterday: oh, what devotion to the Paphian power is his, mother! It is he that mourned the fate of our dove.'

He ended and clung caressingly about his mother's soft neck; his nestling feathers warmed her breast. She answered and frowned not on his gaze of entreaty: '*It is a great reward, and seldom vouchsafed even to the heroes of my choice, that this poet-lover seeks. Marvelling at the glory of her beauty (and the renown of her forefathers and the fame of her house rivalled her loveliness) I myself took her in my arms at her birth and cherished her in my bosom: my hands were never weary of smoothing brow and neck, and with rich ointments shaping her tresses. Now she has sprung up into a lovely reflection of me. See even from afar the building of her tresses, the beauty of her queenly brow. Consider how much taller she is than the mothers of Latium: even as Latonia towers above her nymphs and I among the*

Nereids. She is worthy to have been born like me from the blue waters, and to sit in my car of pearl; aye, and had she been suffered to ascend to the starry sky and enter these bowers, even ye Loves had been perplexed. Though I have lavished on her rich revenues, yet her mind is greater than her wealth. I am sad that the Seres are niggardly, and the groves they despoil too scanty: that the pearls of Clymene are failing and the tears of the poplar sisters suffice us not: that too few are the fleeces that blush with Sidonian purple, and rare the crystals that freeze out of the immemorial snows. For her I have bidden Hermus and Tagus pour down their golden ooze (such store is not enough to array her worthily), for her Glaucus and Proteus and every Nereid to bring the necklets of the Indies. Hadst thou seen her, Phoebus, in the fields of Thessaly, Daphne had roamed secure: if on Naxos beach she had stood by Theseus' couch, Euhan too had left Ariadne forlorn and fled to her. And had not Juno with endless plaints softened my heart, for her the Lord of heaven had even now disguised him as winged bird or horned bull, or else in[1] *very gold come down to woo her. Yet she shall be given, my son and prime dignitary, to him for whom thou seekest her, though often sadly she cries that for no second lord will she bear the yoke. Of herself at last, I know it, she is yielding and in turn has melted to her lover.'* So Venus said and rose, fair as a star, and crossed her proud threshold, and called to her yoke her Amyclaean swans. Love harnessed

[1] Line 136. The epithet *vero* is obscure, and may conceivably be a corruption of *vestro* or *nostro*; cf. line 102.

them and sat him on the jewelled pole, and drove his mother rejoicing through the clouds. Full soon they descried the Trojan towers of Tiber. A lordly mansion opened its glistening halls, and gladly the swans perched clapping on the gleaming threshold.

The home was worthy of a goddess, fair as the stars they had left. Marble of Libya and of Phrygia was there and the hard green stone of Laconia; there was patterned onyx[1] and blocks that matched the deep sea, and porphyry that often moves envy in Oebalian purple and in masters of the vats of Tyre. The architraves hung poised on many a column, the woodwork glistened with the abundance of Dalmatian metal. The cool shade streaming from immemorial trees banished the sun's rays, and little springs ran crystal-clear in channels of marble. Nature keeps not here her changing seasons: Midsummer is cool and Winter warm; the mansion turns and controls the year at its own will.

Glad was gentle Venus to see the palace of her great fosterling, and rejoiced as if from the deep sea she were come to Paphos, to bower in Idalium or shrine at Eryx. Then to her daughter, as she rested, alone, upon her couch, she spoke: '*Why dost thou ever dally thus? Why so shamefaced and unmated? What limit shall there be, lady, my delight among the daughters of*

[1] Line 149. Professor Boulton identifies the onyx in question as a species of agate. 'In the ordinary onyx,' he writes, 'the bands are parallel and flat; but the text doubtless refers to a species of agate in which the bands are undulating or zigzag, suggesting to the author that the onyx itself has been bent or flexed.'

Latium, what limit to thy fealty and thy faith? Wilt thou never bow thee to a husband's yoke? Years less bright will soon be upon thee. Let not thy beauty be idle: enjoy these fleeting gifts. Not for this did I give thee all that loveliness, that proud brow and my own spirit, that thou shouldst pass through the years unmated, as though I loved thee not. It is enough and more than enough that thou hast flouted thy lovers of old. Why, here indeed is one whose whole heart is thine: comely he is and noble, and he worships and he loves thee above all: what man is there in Rome, what maid that knows not this scholar-poet's songs? Soon, too, thou shalt see him uplift the twelve rods (so may the grace of our Lord of Ausonia still be with him!), and that before his day. Assuredly even now he has opened the gates of Cybele,[1] *and it is his to read the strains of the Sibyl of Cyme. Soon the Father of Latium, whose thoughts it is granted me to foreknow, will give him, young though he be, the purple robe and the ivory seat, and suffer him to celebrate (no common honours these!) the plundering of Dacia and his laurels newly-won. Come then, be thou his bride: let not thy youth languish. All nations and all hearts with nuptial torch I couple. Birds and flocks and tribes of savage beasts disown me not. The sky itself melts at my will to wed with earth, as the clouds break into showers. Thus it is that the life of the world and all things after their kind are renewed. Whence had Troy's*

[1] Line 176. This is Krohn's rendering, as given by Vollmer. The meaning is, he has been made a member of the priestly college of the XV, whose privilege it was to carry out Cybele's worship.

renown been born again; whence he who snatched the gods from the fire, had I not wedded a Phrygian lord? Aye, whence had Tuscan Tiber revived the stock of my own Iuli? Who had founded the towers of sevenfold Rome, the crown of Latian sway, had I not suffered the Dardan priestess, unforbidden, to steal the war-god's love?'

With these words Venus charmed her, and in the secrecy of her heart breathed a thought of the glory of wedlock. His gifts and his entreaties, his tears and his sleepless sighs at her gates—these now came back to her: and how the minstrel's *Asteris* had been proverbed throughout Rome; at morning and at evening and before the feast always the name of Asteris sounded louder than once the hue and cry for Hylas. At last she began to unbend her hard heart to kindness, and at last to account herself cruel.

Blessings on thy bridal, gentlest of all the bards of Latium! for thou hast traversed the hard path and finished thy troublous task and made the haven. Even so the River, that with heart on fire fled from the midst [1] of Pisa to win an alien bride, draws through his channel underseas a stainless flood, at last to struggle forth and drink with panting lips of the Sicilian spring: the Nymph marvels at the sweet kisses and dreams not that her lover has come to her under the sea.

[1] Line 203. 'mediae sic.' * Klotz, Praef., p. liv., reports the reading of M as *mtiade*, and the scribe of M confuses the letters *e* and *t*, e.g. at IV. iii. 81.

How bright a day then dawned, Stella, to cheer thee by the bright grace of Heaven! With what joy thy heart throbbed when thy lady's brow softened and she granted thee the bliss of her love! Thou didst seem to tread on air and roam through the bright sky. A colder rapture had the shepherd on the Spartan shore when Helen came to the Trojan barque; Thessalian Tempe saw not such a light on Peleus' brow, when Chiron reared his horse-part erect and marked Thetis drawing near to the Haemonian strand. How long seemed the stars to tarry! How slow Aurora to appease the yearnings of the bridegroom!

But when from afar Leto's son, lord of all minstrels, and Semeleian Euhan knew that Stella's bridal was at hand, from Ortygia and from Nysa they hurried with their eager companions. The Lycian hills, the bowers of cool Thymbra and Parnassus rang again as Phoebus came: and at Euhan's coming Pangaea and Ismarus and the shores of Naxos, that saw his wooing, echoed the song. Then they passed the doors they loved and gave to their comrade bard, the one a lyre, the other the tawny skin of a spotted deer, the one his wands, the other the quill to strike the lyre: and one bound the poet's brow with bays and one with Ariadne's crown.

Scarce was the day abroad, when already auguries of bliss were vouchsafed and both homes were astir with a festal company. The gates were green with leafage, and the crossways bright with fire, and all that is noblest in great Rome kept festival. Every great office

was there and all the retinues thronged the threshold : and gay robes hedged about with the folk in mean attire ; on this side knights, and on this, mingling and struggling with the youthful throng,[1] the long-robed matrons. There are blessings for both, but in the crowd more envy the bridegroom. Hymen has been standing long since in the gateway, seeking to greet their espousals with a new song, to bewitch the minstrel's heart. And Juno honours the knot that binds them, and Concord with twofold flambeau hallows their union. Such was that day : of the night let Stella sing. But shamefast methinks was the bride as Ilia, the bride of Mars, when overcome by treacherous sleep she lay down on the river bank. Lavinia was not so coy when beneath the gaze of Turnus the scarlet flamed on her snow-white cheeks ; nor Claudia so stainless when, proved a maiden by the movement of the barque, she gazed upon the people.

Now must the comrades of the Nine, the slaves of the tripod, vie with one another in divers strains. Come, bards inspired, with garlands and ivy on your brows according as each is of power to make the rapturous lyre obey him. But, above all, come ye who filch away the last beats from the great Hexameter ; sing ye a song worthy of this merry bridal. This day Philetas himself would have sought the privilege of singing, and Cos approved his choice ; old Callimachus, too, and Propertius in his Umbrian grotto ; Ovid defying e'en the gloom of Tomi, and

[1] Line 235. ' hinc eques, hinc iuvenum coetu stola ' (edd. vett.).

Tibullus, whose only wealth was the fire that twinkled upon his hearth.

Assuredly it is not a love for poetry alone, or a single motive that gives birth to my lay. My Muse, Stella, is like unto and close knit to thine. Kindred spirits, we revel oftentimes at like altars, and at the fountains of song slake a common thirst. And as for thee, lady, at thy birth my own Parthenope took thee to her embrace: a tottering child thou wast already the delight and glory of our land. So let that Euboic city be exalted to the glowing skies and Sebethos exult in his fair fosterling. Let them not be outdone by the pride of the Lucrine Naiads in their teeming grottos, or of the calm retreat of Pompeian Sarnus.

Soon let a noble offspring be born of ye to Latium, to govern camp and courts and make merry songs. Let Cynthia be kind and bless the tenth month with early fruit. Only may the birth-goddess be merciful and the pledge wound not the parent tree! Spare, child, that delicate frame, those swelling breasts; and when Nature has moulded thy brow in secret, may'st thou be born much like thy father, like thy mother more. But for thee, fairest of all the daughters of Italy, at last thou hast a worthy master and lord: cherish the bond he sought so long to knit; so may thy beauty never diminish; so may thy young brows keep the bloom of youth for many [1] a year, and that loveliness be slow to fade into decay.

[1] Line 276. 'longae' (edd. vett.). Cf. III. iv. 101, IV. i. 46, and V. i. 182. Statius uses 'longum', not 'longe', of time in the *Silvae*, as e. g. at I. iii. 13, II. iii. 72, and III. ii. 58.

III *Cernere facundi Tibur glaciale Vopisci*

The Pleasaunce of Vopiscus at Tibur.

IF any has been privileged to see at Tibur the cool retreat of eloquent Vopiscus, if any the twin dwellings, betwixt which the Anio flows dividing: if any has known those neighbouring banks united, and the pavilions that vie with one another in sheltering their master,—on such a one the fierce denizen of leafy Nemea has never looked, nor the sultry star of Sirius snarled;[1] such winter's cool is in the dwelling; so persistently does the shade defeat the sun, that through the sweltering season of Pisa's games it is temperate ever. Venus herself with dainty hands[2] (it is a joy even to write the tale!) has bedewed his house with chrism of fairy essences and charmed it with her tresses, and left therein a balmy fragrance and bidden her winged Loves never flee away.

O day never to be forgotten! O joys treasured in my heart! O eyes tired with gazing on so many marvels! How kindly the natural spirit of the soil! How fair before ever handicraft touched them the beauty of these happy haunts! Nowhere has Nature shown so opulent a fancy. Over the swift stream

[1] Line 5. See note on p. 208.

[2] Lines 9–10. 'ipsa m. t. (*tan*tum scripsisse voluptas!) *Huic* Venus.'*

the deep woods brood; each leaf is mirrored in the shifting picture; the reflection travels unchanged down the long river reaches. Even Anio (believe and marvel!), though up stream and down stream his bed be rocky,[1] here curbs his angry flood and stills his murmuring eddies, as though afraid to ruffle the poetic days and songful nights of tranquil Vopiscus. Both banks are within the bound of home, unsevered by the gentle[2] stream. On this shore and on that stand sentinel towers, not foreign to each other or fretting that the stream is a barrier between them. Go to now,—let legend boast the Sestian inlets and the Swimmer of the Strait; or tell of the dolphin steeds that bold youth outdid. Here is unending peace: here no storms have any charter nor ever seethes the surge. Over the waters eyes and voices—nay, well nigh hands—may meet. Is it thus that the returning tide estranges Chalcis from the mainland; thus that the Bruttian shore beholds Sicanian Pelorus severed from it by the waters? What shall be the prelude and the heart of my song? Where shall I make an end? The gilded beams, the Moorish lintels on every hand; the patterned veins of lustrous marble, the fountain-fairies that haunt every room,—shall these move me to wonder? Now this way and now that my eyes and my thoughts are allured. Shall the sacred grove of aged oaks be my theme? The hall

[1] Line 21. I should prefer to read '*spum*eus hic tumidam rabiem *sax*osaque ponit', &c. See note on p. 208.

[2] Line 24. '*cl*ementissimus.'*

that looks upon the shallows below, or the chamber that regards the silent woods, where is the stillness of rest secure and night unruffled by the wind or but such murmurs as woo dreams in the darkness? or shall my song be of the steaming baths high uplifted upon the grassy bank and the fires piled on the cool marge[1]? or how the River is harnessed to the glowing furnaces and laughs to see the nymphs panting with the heat from his stream beside them? Pictures and handiwork of men of old and many a breathing bronze I saw. It were hard to recount the statues of ivory and of gold, the precious stones worthy to grace the hand; and all that in silver first or in bronze statuettes the artist hand assayed, that was hereafter to shape giant statues also. While my eyes wandered and I gazed upon the scene, my foot was set upon wealth and I never knew it. Light streamed from above: tiles bright as the bright sky fixed the eye upon the ground, where decked with all manner of skill the earth smiled, and with brede of strange shapes outdid the illusions of the Unswept Floor. My feet trembled.

Why marvel now at the roofs, here connecting, there parting in triple measured chambers; or at the tree cherished in the heart of the home, that over roof and lintel climbs into the clear air—that were doomed under any other master to be felled by the cruel axe? Even now some nymph of gliding stream it may be or of oaken grove, though Vopiscus know it not, shall by her death loose from it the burden of

[1] Line 44. 'ripis' (M).

years that have known no curtailment. Shall my song tell of the feast spread now on this bank, now on that? of the white pools; of the springs deep down in the river-channels; of the Marcian conduit gliding aslant through the Anio, and speeding in daring leaden duct under his flood,[1] to see if it be only the river of Elis that can be lured on a lover's path under the Ionian wave to a haven in Sicily? In those[2] caves Anio himself finds rest; yes, he forsakes his source, and when in the secret night he has put off his sea-blue garments, stretches himself upon the springing moss, or into the deep pool plunges his huge bulk, and with rhythmic stroke claps against the glassy waters. In yonder shade Tiburnus rests; there Albula is fain to wash her sulphurous tresses. A bower like this might lure, from Egeria, forest Phoebe, rob cold Taygetus of his Dryad bands, and charm Pan from the Lycean woods. Nay, but that the Tirynthian temple gives other oracle, the very Praenestine Sisters had changed their house for this. Ah, praise no more the twice-yielding orchards of Alcinous[3] and the tall trees ever fruitful. Hills of Telegonus, fields of Laurentine Turnus, give place! Give place, ye Lucrine homes, ye shores of murderous Antiphates: ye treacherous hills of glassy Circe, beset of old with yelping Dulichian wolves; proud steeps of Anxur; homes granted to kindly Caieta by her

[1] Line 68. 'an solum' (M).

[2] Line 70. 'illis i. a. Anien-*nam* fonte.'*

[3] Line 81. 'The *bifera Alcinoi pomaria* must be the name of an orchard in the villa' (Phillimore).

Phrygian foster-son, and the beach of Antium that will call back Vopiscus in the rainy winter at the shortening of the days.

Yes, this is a place for the grave broodings of your well-schooled mind; this is a shelter for your fruitful leisure; your noble and unruffled virtue,—temperate splendour, chaste delights,—a home for which even the old man of Gargettus had left his garden and forsaken Athens. This were worth seeking through Aegean storms, beneath the snow-laden Hyades and the Olenian star. Yes; though the ship had to double the Cape of Malea and steer a course over the Sicilian surges. Why seems beauty less beautiful when it is at our doors? Here do the fauns of Tibur and even Alcides and Catillus, sung by a mightier lyre,[1] delight in thy minstrelsy; whether it be thy fancy to vie with Pindar's strains; or whether thou dost to vigorous heroics attune thy lay; or whether thou wouldst wield thy hurtling missile, the lampoon, charged with biting venom; or whether it be some sparkling letter of no less carefully polished wit. Worthy art thou of the wealth of Midas and of Croesus, worthy of all the treasure of the East. Be thy bliss the wealth of the mind! Hermus through thy well-watered fields should have poured his yellow stream and Tagus his sands of gold. So mayst thou enjoy thy lettered ease; so, with a heart unclouded and serene[2], mayst thou overstep the limit of a Nestor's years!

[1] Line 100. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vii. 672.
[2] Line 109. 'detersus' (Heinsius).

IV *Estis, io, superi*

Statius celebrates the restoration to health of Rutilius Gallicus, Prefect of Rome.

YES, ye are real, ye gods; Clotho the spinner is not deaf to prayer; gentle Astraea does look upon the good; she has come back reconciled to Jove, and Gallicus discerns the full radiance of the stars he wellnigh despaired of. Indeed and indeed our Lord God[1] Germanicus is, beyond gainsaying, dear to high heaven! Fortune was abashed to rob his rule of so great a viceroy. Erect once more are the shoulders that, next to his, bear that Atlantean load. Gallicus has shaken off the deadly toils of decay: and for a fresh term of years puts on a more vigorous prime. Therefore right eagerly let the companies that worship the city standard, the laws, that oftentimes fly to thy bosom, sire, to protest against the confusion of the courts,—and the cities of our dominion in all the world, that invoke thy verdict upon their distant plaints, vie with one another in gladness. In its turn let the hill we live on[2] shout for joy. Let every murmur of sadder news be hushed. He lives and long shall live,

[1] Line 4. This use of 'divus' is said to be unparalleled. Applied to Domitian by Statius it may conceivably be sound. I have sometimes wondered whether the 'et' of M might not be kept, and 'cives' read for 'div'es', i.e. Your citizens are dear to the gods in heaven as well as to you (for the use of 'cives' cf. I. ii. 30), but this would perhaps convey a sense less flattering to the Emperor.

[2] Line 13. 'noster collis' is justified by Ovid, *F.* vi. 374 '*Monte suo* clausos barbara turba premit': or does Statius mean 'Alba'?

—his youth renewed,—in whose hands is placed the kindly sway of an untroubled Rome, nor shall Fate cause the fresh Aeon to put on so black a reproach, nor the altar of Tarentus—once more upreared—thus offend.

But for me,—not upon Phoebus,—though save for him my lyre were dumb,—nor upon the Aonian Nine, with Pallas added to their number, nor upon kindly fosterling of Tegea or of Dirce will I call. Be *thou* my aid as thou art my theme. Give me fresh strength, fresh courage. Not without inspiration from heaven art thou so great, and hast given such glory to our gown, such wisdom and shrewd counsel to our courts. Though inspired Pimplea slake not my minstrel thirst and no draught from conspiring Pirene be vouchsafed to me; rather let me drink deep of the wells of thy music, whether in melodious prose thy tale is told, or whether the sweet stream of thy eloquence is broken in to discipline and obeys our[1] canons. Come then, since to Ceres we yield gifts of her own bestowing, and to Bacchus his own unwatered wine; and since Diana, though rich in booty, yet in all her temples welcomes the spoil, and the Lord of war the captured sword; do not thou, Gallicus, though thy eloquence is greater, though mighty thou art and rich in flowing speech, scorn to be hymned by a lowlier lyre. The nomad moon is surrounded by stars, and humble fountains pay their tribute to the ocean.

What rich reward for thy worth a nation's anxious love doth pay thee! What sorrow I read that day in

[1] Line 30. 'nostras,' i.e. of us poets.

the eyes of knight and senator, and commoners not wont to mourn the great! Such fear came not upon the prosperous Senate at the passing of Numa, nor on the noble knights when Pompey fell, nor on women at Brutus' death. This is the secret of that sorrow: Thou wast loath to hear the dismal clank of fetters; and fain to spare the rod, to shun the path prescribed by high dignity, to abate much of the power of the sword, to deign to regard the entreaties of the lowly and the prayers of the suppliant, to restore justice to the Courts, to maintain the magistrates in their seats, to temper might with right. This is the path to nobility of soul. Thus it comes that awe of the ruler is mingled with love till awe trusts love.

In itself, too, the relentless harshness of Fate startled all men;—the cavalier suddenness of the peril, the very rapidity of the disease. Not with old age was the blame (for scarce was thy sixtieth year past), but the strain of toil and the sway of the strong mind over the body, and sleepless cares,—thy task beloved, —for the Caesar of their worship. Thus came the treacherous lethargy to steal over thy weary limbs and with it a deadening indifference to life.

Then the god [1] who, nigh unto the heights of the Alpine ridge, with his holy name of Apollo hallows the sacred groves, too long, alas, careless of his great foster-son, had regard unto him, and forestalling [2] delay cried aloud:—'*My son, lord of Epidaurus, up now,*

[1] Lines 58 sqq. See note on p. 209.

[2] Line 61. 'praecidensque' (Housman).

and hasten blithely with me. 'Tis ours (seize we the chance) to heal a man of renown. Grasp we and hold the spindles that are straining his thread to the breaking-point. Fear not the blackening thunderbolt. Jupiter, ere we entreat him, will praise our skill. 'Tis no low-born life I seek to save, but a favourite of heaven. In few words, while we approach his home, I will tell you the story.

He is himself the pedigree of his family, and sheds a lustre back upon his forefathers. Not that his lineage is hidden; but the parent light is outshone by the radiance that follows after, and rejoices to yield to so great a descendant. His first excellence in peace was that eloquence[1]*, for which he was renowned and honoured. Anon in countless camps was he disciplined. East and West,*[2] *over broad expanse of sea and land in every clime, he fought in sworn fealty to Caesar, never suffered to unbend in tranquil peace and to unbelt his sword. Great Galatia dared to provoke him—aye, and me too,—to war, and for nine harvest-tides fear was upon Pamphylia and bold Pannonia, upon dread Armenia's crafty archers and upon the Araxes that at last had brooked a Roman bridge. What need to recount how twice he ruled and held sway over great Asia? Thrice and four times she would fain have him for Master, but the Records and high Magistracy of Rome, oft promised to him, called him back. What need to rehearse the wonder of Africa's tribute and allegiance? Why praise the triumph-*

[1] Line 72. 'eloquium' (Phillimore).

[2] After line 73 Prof. Housman conjectures that a line has been lost to this effect—'Effusos pelagi tractus terrasque patentes' (*C.R.* vol. xx, p. 38).

spoils sent to Rome in years of peace, so rich an offering as even he who had assigned the task durst not expect? There is joy at Trasymene and on the Alps, and among the souls of them that fell at Cannae. And first the shade of mangled Regulus himself claims without disguise a special meed. Time would fail me to tell of thy battles in the North; of insurgent Rhine, of captured Veleda's entreaties and, latest and greatest triumph, Rome placed in thy hands (to govern) while the destruction of the Dacians was going on, when Gallicus, the chosen, took up the leadership of our great chief, and Fortune marvelled not.

This is the man, if these reasons have weight enough, whom we, my son, from the harsh Ruler of the underworld,[1] *will rescue now. The renowned lord of Latium sues for his life, yes, and has earned the boon. Not in vain did the children of Rome the other day, clad in the purple, sing their lay to mỹ praise ... If there be any simples in the health-giving cave of Chiron the Centaur; if any store of thine be hidden in that domed temple on Trojan Pergamus; if aught of power spring from the healing sands of bountiful Epidaurus, or balm of blooming dittany flourish under the shade of Cretan Ida, or froth and foam of snake;— and I will add my own cunning to thine and lavish every drug that I learned in Arabia's fragrant plains or gathered*[2]*, a shepherd, on Amphrysian lawns.'*

He ended, and they came to Gallicus. Listlessly they found his limbs outstretched, and laboured his

[1] Line 94. So Professor Hardie, who compares Aeschylus, *Supplices*, 231 Ζεὺς ἄλλος ἐν καμοῦσιν.

[2] Line 105. 'carpsi' (Domitius).

breath: when each girded himself like a true leech and eagerly did guide and readily obey, until with divers drugs they overcame the destroying sickness and scattered the deadly cloud, the treacherous lethargy. He himself helped his divine helpers and, too strong for plague to master, clutched at deliverance. Not so swift was the healing of Telephus by the Thessalian's skill, or of the grisly wounds of shrinking Atrides by Machaon's simples.

What place can there be for thought or vow of mine amid this gathering of the senate and the nation? Yet I call the stars on high and the Lord of Thymbra, father of poetry, to witness, what fear was mine each day, each night, as ceaselessly I haunted the gate, with ear and eye alert to catch every sign. Even as in a furious tempest the little boat fast-bound to some great ship bears its part of the raging billows and tosses in the same gale.

Twine now, ye sisters, gaily twine a snow-white skein. Let none tell the tale of his past years. This day shall be his birthday. Worthy art thou, Gallicus, to outlive the patriarchs of Troy, to number more years than the dust of the Sibyl, to outlast Nestor's mouldering antiquity. Poor as I am, how can censer of mine make intercession for thee? It were not enough that Mevania should empty her valleys or the meadows of Clitumnus furnish me with their snow-white bulls. Yet, time and again, amid such lordly offerings has a single turf, a handful of meal, with scant salt besprinkled, won grace from the gods.

V *Non Helicona gravi*

The Baths of Claudius Etruscus.

NOT at Helicon's gates does my tuneful lute sound with solemn rapture; not on the Muses do I call, who so often have wearied their godhead for me. Phoebus and Bacchus, from my song I set you free; and do thou too, winged Lord of Tegea, keep mute the melodious tortoise shell! Other gatherings my music summons. It is enough to lure forth the Naiad-queens of the fountains, and the Lord of gleaming fire, still wearied, and still ruddy from his Sicilian stithy. Truce for awhile to the guilty strife of Thebes; for my loved companion I fain would sing a lighter strain. Fill cup upon cup, my lad,—why so careful to count the measure?[1]—and string the laggard lyre. Sorrow and Care, begone, while I sing of the bright rock, and the jewelled baths; while my muse in wanton ivy and ribbons wreathed—all sober leafage put away—sounds a sportive measure for Etruscus. Come, goddesses of ocean, turn hitherward your looks out of the waters and bind your sea tresses with clusters of soft ivy-berries, unrobed as when you rise from the deep pools and torment the love-sick Satyrs with your beauty. Not unto you would I call, who have stained with guilt the honour of your waves. Banished far hence be the treacherous streams of

[1] Line 10. '*quid* et enumerare laboras?' * For the passage is reminiscent of Horace, *C.* II. iii. 9–16, q.v.

Salmacis, forlorn Oenone, too, and her grief-parched fountain, and she that filched from Hercules his foster-son. Ye rather, denizens of Latium and the Seven Hills, ye that haunt the Tiber and with fresh waves swell his flood; ye that delight in headlong Anio, in the Maiden Water that is fain to welcome the swimmer, and in Marcia that draws down the cool of Marsian snows; all ye whose travelling wave swells along ducts of tall masonry and over countless arches passes on its airy way. Yours is the work that I assay to sing; yours the home my mild lay celebrates. Never in other grottos have you found a costlier bower. Venus herself guided her husband's hand and gave him fresh cunning; and that no[1] mean flame might fire his furnaces, herself kindled thereunder the torches of the winged Loves. Here neither Thasos nor the sea-stone of Carystus finds place: the onyx pines afar, the snake-stone, too, is outcast and sorrowful. Nothing is here but gleaming porphyry quarried from Numidia's tawny rocks; nothing but the stone that, in the deep caves of Phrygian Synnas, Attis has flecked with glistening drops of his own blood, and marble of a deeper purple than fine linen dyed at Tyre.[2] Scarce is room found for blocks from the Eurotas, where that long green line picks out the Synnas-stone. Gay is each threshold, gay and bright the ceilings; the gables shine with glass of many hues to produce a pic-

[1] Line 32. 'neu' (M).

[2] Line 39. 'quaeque Tyri *vincas fucatam sindona* rupes.' * See note on p. 209.

ture and characters of life [1]. The very fire marvels to enfold such store of riches, and tempers its tyranny. Everywhere is a glory of light, for the untiring sun pours in all his beams and finds himself scorched, the rogue, by a heat not his own. Nothing common is there nor mean. Nowhere will you mark bronze of Temese. From silver into silver pours and plunges the blithe wave, poised upon the gleaming edge, spell-bound by its own loveliness and loath to pass. Without is the dark-blue river sparkling on the snow-white verge, bright and clear from lowest depth to surface.[2] Whom might it not tempt to fling off his sluggish raiment for a plunge in the flood? Rather had Cytherea have sprung from these waters; clearer here hadst thou, Narcissus, gazed on thine own beauty. Here would swift Hecate fain bathe though espied. And shall I now tell of the floors laid there upon the earth, soon to hear the pulsing ball, as the vapour finds its way through the house and the vaults upheave the penetrating heat? Not though a guest came fresh from the beaches of Baiae will he scorn all this loveliness. Nay, let me be suffered to compare the little with the great, not even he who is fresh from the baths of Nero would be loath here once more to sweat. Blessings, Claudius, on thy brilliant taste and cunning thought! May thy works grow old with thee, and thy star learn to rise again to a livelier splendour.

[1] Line 43. 'animosque' (Domitius).

[2] Line 52. 'in summum fundo patet omnis ab imo' (5).

VI *Et Phoebus pater et severa Pallas*

The Emperor's Carnival.

HENCE Father Phoebus and Pallas the austere! Away ye Muses, keep ye holiday; at the new year we will call you back. But come hither to me, Saturn, thy chains struck off; and come December flushed with many a bumper! Come wanton Quips and laughing Jollity! Be with me while I sing the glad feast-day of blithe Caesar and the midnight[1] revel.

Scarce was the dawn rising anew, when sweetmeats rained from the awnings. Such was the dew shed by the breeze of the morning. All the wealth of the nut-groves of Pontus, all the spoils of the rich slopes of Edom; the fruits of the trees of god-fearing Damascus, the figs that ripen early on the canes of Ebusea[2] are lavished in generous showers. Luscious cakes, dainty cates, pears from Ameria not spoiled by the sun; mustcake and teeming dates—so thick you cannot see the palm—showered down. Not stormy Hyades nor angry Pleiades hurl such rains upon the earth, as the storm that with fair-weather hail lashed the people in the theatre of Rome. Ah, let Jupiter above marshal his clouds throughout the world, and menace the broad plains with storm, if only our Jupiter in Rome sheds such showers upon us!

[1] Line 8. 'noctem' (Thomson). But see *J. P.* vol. xxx, pp. 146–7.

[2] Line 15. 'et quo*d* *prae*coquit Ebosia *cannis*' (Lafaye, *Quelques notes sur les Silvae de Stace* (Paris, 1896), pp. 62–6 q.v.).

But lo! through all the tiers, beautiful to behold in bright raiment a fresh people, as numerous as the seated commons! Vessels of dainties, napery snow-white, cates yet richer they bring anew; while others pour bumpers of languorous wine: you would think every man of them a Ganymede.

The circle of noble and grave and the clans that wear the gown thou feastest alike. But although so many houses banquet on thy bounty, Annona [1] for all her pride has no part in the festival. Go to now, hoary Eld; compare with our day the days of Iove's youth, and the golden time! Wine flowed not so freely then; crops forestalled not the tardy autumn. At one board feast all ranks, knight and senator, children and women and commons alike; freedom has relaxed awe. Thou too, moreover—what God would brook to find such leisure or grant such pledge?—thou, too, hast feasted with us. Now prince and pauper, whoe'er he be, can boast himself an Emperor's guest.

Amid the clamour and the strange delicacies the pleasant show flies swiftly by. See, women, novices and strangers to battle—see, how untiringly they assay the weapons of men! You would think that this was some wild combat of Thermodon's daughters on the banks of Tanais or barbarous Phasis. Then in turn come forth the bold battalions of dwarfs, whom Nature from their birth cramped and bound once for all into

[1] Line 38. Annona was the goddess of the national corn supply. The Emperor—Statius means—provides the feast out of his private revenue, without drawing on the national funds.

a knotted lump. These join in battle and deal wounds; see, with Lilliputian hands they menace each his fellow with death; while Father Mars and murderous Valour, and the cranes, ere in random raid they pounce, marvel at the courage of the pygmies.

Then, as the shades of night are approaching, what riot waits upon the shower of good cheer! Hither come maidens not difficult to win; here is all that in the theatres wins favour and applause for skill or comeliness. In one company buxom Lydian beauties clap their hands, here is tumult of the cymbals and the jingling music of Spain; here are Syria's noisy troups; here the common folk of the theatre; here they whose trade is to barter their cheap sulphur for scraps of glass.

Amid the riot, with sudden swoop, as from the stars, fall in clouds the birds of holy Nile and wintry Phasis, and those on which the Numidians prey in the rainy south. No hands are left to seize them; the armfuls of spoil hamper [1] those who would gather fresh largess still. Myriad voices are raised to heaven in praise of the Prince's carnival. With affectionate enthusiasm they salute their Lord; this measure of liberty—and this alone—Caesar forbade.

Scarce was dark night climbing the sky, when from the midst of the arena, up through the gathering gloom, soared [2] a ball of fire, brighter than the radiance of Ariadne's crown. The sky blazed with light; banished was the power of midnight; banished was

[1] Line 80. 'tardant' (Phillimore).
[2] Line 86. 'escendit' (Stange).

sluggish sleep; and dull repose fled to other cities at the sight. Who can recount the spectacle and the licence of jollity, or who the revel, the unbought feast, the rivers of generous wine? I faint, I fail; and heavy with thy Naxian,[1] drag myself at last away to sleep.

For how many years shall this day be handed down! Never, never shall it be blotted out by time. As long as the hills of Latium endure, as long as Father Tiber flows, as long as thy city shall remain and that Capitol which thou hast restored to the world, the memory shall live.

Book II

I *Quod tibi praerepti*

The poet condoles with his friend Melior on the death of Glaucias, his adopted son.

MELIOR, how shall I find prelude for my words of solace at your foster-son's untimely death? How can I sing unfeelingly, before the pyre, ere the funeral fire has sunk? The veins are still torn; the lamentable wound gapes wide; the perilous avenue of the great gash lies open. And now while I compose you but words and song for salve, you have more a mind for beating your breast; you cry aloud in sorrow, turning with deaf ears in loathing from the lute. Untimely is my song. Sooner would lonely

[1] Line 96. 'tuaque Naxo.'*

tigress or lioness robbed of her whelps give heed to me.[1] Not though the song of the three Siren sisters should float hither; not though the lyre to which beast and wild wood hearkened were mine, not even so could the madness of your grief be charmed away. An agony of sorrow fills your soul; at a touch your heart moans and sobs.

14 Have your fill of bitterness! No man says you nay. With free vent assuage the fever and the pain. Is the passion of weeping sated at last? At last for very weariness do you scorn not my kindly entreaties, but brook my song? Even as I speak, see, my eyes are wet, tears fall and blot the page; for indeed I, like you, have paid mournful tribute of the wonted rites, have seen the cruel doom that all Rome beheld, and have followed the child's bier to the funeral fire. I have seen the cruel incense of the gods below heaped high, and the ghost that wailed above his own pyre. I have seen you outdoing fathers in your sighs and mothers in beating of the breast,—clasping the fagots and ready to swallow the fire. Scarce could, I your fellow mourner, hold you back, and angered you by my endeavour. Now, alas, the fillets that deck the Poet's brow put off,—a prophet of sorrow, I change my strains and beat my breast with you. Assuage your grief, and suffer me, I pray,[2] to have part in your

[1] Line 9: Go, when the hunter's hand has wrung
From forest lair her shrieking young,
Go soothe the lonely lioness,
But soothe not, mock not my distress!—Byron.

[2] Line 28. 'plango lyra: flendi comitem.'* Cf. line 35.

tears and lot in your mourning, if such is my desert, if a share in the sorrow of your heart has been mine. My voice has been heard by fathers when the bolt fell. My song has found solace for mothers and loyal sons weeping beside their dead,—I too, sorrowing and outworn for my own loss, have bewailed, O Nature, what a father! I do not sternly debar you from grief; nay, but let me mingle my tears with yours, and sorrow with you.

Long while, beloved boy, have I sought for a worthy prelude to thy praises, an avenue to thy dirge, in vain. Now it was thy youth hovering on the threshold of life, and now thy beauty that ravished my thoughts: now thy modesty so early ripe, now thy shamefaced honour beyond thy tender years. Gone is that clear countenance bright with the flush of health. Gone those starlike eyes,—eyes beamed from heaven; perished the sedate modesty, the low forehead, the crown of natural tresses and wavy line of comely curls. Lost are the lips, tattling with fond complaints, and kisses balmy as spring blossoms, when he hung, Melior, in your embrace. Lost the laughter and the tears, the speaking voice, sweet as honeycomb[1] from Hybla, of a melody to charm the serpent's hiss or to win abject service even from stern step-dames. I am adding nought to the true sum of his worth. Alas, the milk-white throat, the arms that ever rested upon his master's neck! Where now is the near promise of his hastening youth? The longed-for adornment

[1] Line 48. '*mulsa favis*' (Housman).

of his cheeks? The beard that Melior did often swear by? All, all has one disastrous day, one merciless hour, given to the pyre: to us only the memory is left. Who now Melior, when you are glad, will soothe your heart with sweet converse? Who will solace your secret care and sadness? When you are fired with bitter anger and wroth with your slaves, who will assuage your passion and turn you aside from choleric heat to thoughts of him? When you have sipped the wine and tasted the meat, who will snatch these dainties from your lips, and with pretty foray confound the feast? Who will leap upon your bed at dawn and with whispering cries banish sleep, stay you at your outgoing with close-knit embrace and call back even the lictors to caress you again?[1] Who will meet you at your home-coming, leaping into your arms and to your kiss, and twining his little arms about your shoulders? The sentinel is gone from your door,[2] your home is left desolate: forlorn is your chamber, sad and silent your board.

What wonder, Glaucias, if thy devoted foster-father honours thee with a costly funeral? In thee he found as it were a haven of rest in his old age; and now delight and now sweet torment, of thy giving, were his. Thou wast not turned to and fro in the whirling of the slave cage: thou wast not set amid Pharian wares, a child for sale. Thou hadst not, with parrot-jest and well-conned words of

[1] Line 64. 'atque ipsos revocabit ad oscula fasces.*

[2] Line 67. 'mota domu statio.'*

greeting on thy lips, to seek, and scarce at last to win, a buyer by pranks of thine. This was thy home, here thy birthplace; dear of old to thy master's house were thy father and mother; and to give thee joy they were set free, lest thou shouldst weep for loss of family. But as soon as thou wast born it was thy master that with joy upraised thee, and as thy first cry of greeting went up to the shining stars, his heart claimed thee: he clasped thee to his breast and accounted thee his very son. Suffer me, honoured parents; and thou, Nature, whose it is to knit the first heart-ties throughout the world, forbid not my words: it is not always nearness of blood or descent from a common stock that makes us kin:[1] often changelings and adopted children steal closer to our hearts than our own people. Sons of our blood are ours perforce; sons of our love it is a joy to choose. Thus it was that half-brute Chiron outdid Peleus of Haemonia in loving-kindness to the boy Achilles. The old man Peleus marched not with his son to do battle before Troy, but Phoenix was never sundered from his famed pupil. Evander was left to long afar off that Pallas might return in triumph, while staunch Acoetes watched the fray. And it was Dictys the seafarer who tended winged Perseus, when his father, whose home was amid the shining stars, tarried afar. Why should I rehearse the roll of foster-mothers that

[1] Cf. *All's Well That Ends Well*, I. iii. 150–2:

'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

have outdone mothers in their loyal love? Why tell how the babe Bacchus, when his mother had been lured to her lightning-death, was safer leaping in Ino's arms: how Acca was still wearily bearing the sturdy Romulus when Ilia, rescued from her father, reigned a queen beneath the Tuscan waves? Ere now I have seen boughs upon stranger stock ingrafted overtop their parent tree. Your own will and fancy had made you, Melior, at the first his father, not yet his loyalty and grace: but dear to you already were his lisping cries, his childish tears, his wailing innocence.

106 As a flower, that at the first gale must fall, in the velvet meadows lifts its head defiantly on high, so ere his day in pride of look and bearing the boy had outstripped his playmates and left his years far behind. If he stood with limbs bent in the locking wrestle, you had thought him the son of a Spartan mother; Apollo had forsaken Oebalides right eagerly for him, and eagerly had Alcides bartered the love of Hylas for his. If in Greek garb he chanted the Attic lines of rare Menander, Thalia had joyfully praised his tones and merrily ruffled his fair locks with rosy chaplet. Anon, if he sang old Homer's lays,—travail of Troy or hazard of lingering Ulysses,—forthwith even his father, even his masters were astounded at his insight. Be sure Fate laid her baleful hand upon his cradle, and Envy clasped and fondled the boy in her bosom. The one caressed the long curls on his cheeks; the other taught him that skill and breathed in him those words we sigh for now. His years were but growing

to the sum of the labours of Hercules,—the days of babyhood scarcely past,—when already his step was firm: his thews outswelled his garments; the boyish dress seemed to shrink upon him. And what robes, Glaucias, what raiment did not thy fond master eagerly give thee![1] He would fasten the short cloaks across the boyish chest and contract the web of the narrow mantle. He never gave thee loose, shapeless folds, but ever suiting the raiment to thy years, clad thee now in Phoenician purple, now in grass-green tunic, now in gay glowing scarlet, and rejoiced to make those hands shine with vivid gems: and gifts and thronging attendants were there: thy winsome beauty lacked nought but the garb of liberty.

Such was the fortune of thy birth. Then on a 137
sudden Fate raised her hand in anger. Ah, goddess, why cruelly bare those fell talons against him? Does not his beauty, does not the pathos of his youth touch your heart? Procne, cruel though she was, could not have mangled him for her lord; Medea could not have persisted in her savage anger, not though he had been the son of her Corinthian rival; grim Athamas had turned from him his frenzied arrows; yes, and despite his bitter hatred of Troy and of dead Hector, Ulysses had wept when he was about to hurl him from the Phrygian battlements. The seventh day dawned and already his eyes were languid and chill, already the Queen of the shades set her hand upon the tress. Yet at the last, even while the Fates

[1] Line 128. See note on p. 210.

strangled the tender life, his dying eyes sought yours, his failing lips whispered your name: for you he spent the last breath in his dying breast: on you, on you alone he thought and called: moving for you his lips, leaving for you his accents, and forbade your anguish and solaced your pain. Yet we are grateful to the Fates that no lingering death consumed his boyish beauty as he lay a-dying; that he went down perfect into the underworld, just as he was, with no blighting stain upon him.

157 Ask me not now of that burying; of the gifts lavished on the flames; of the funeral fire that prodigal sorrow kindled. Upon a flower-crowned mound the grim pyre was heaped. Cilician saffron, and gifts of Indian balsam, perfumes of Arabia, of Egypt, and of Palestine steeped thy locks for the fire. Nothing would Melior in his profusion deny thee, but in loathing of his orphaned wealth would fain burn all his substance; the jealous fire could not contain such tribute, the flames were not large enough to consume it. My heart was awed. Ah, Melior, once so tranquil, in what frenzy at those last rites by the pyre I beheld you and was afraid! Is this my gay companion, he of the gentle countenance? Whence then this passion, those rending hands, that savage grief? Stretched on the bare earth you shrink from the agony of life. Now fiercely you pluck at your robe and your heart; now you kiss those loved eyes and snatch cold caresses. There stood the father and there in tears the mother of the dead, but his

parents gazed in wonderment on you. Why marvel, when all the people and all the host that went before over the Mulvian agger along the Flaminian road were weeping for the innocent child who was given over to the baleful fire, that for his youth and beauty deserved their lamentation. Such was Palaemon, when his mother flung herself upon him as he lay, after tossing in the waves, cast up by the sea in the Isthmian haven: and such Opheltes when the greedy fire consumed him, mangled by those fangs as he played in Lerna's snake-haunted meadows.

But fear not. Dread no more menacing death. 183
Cerberus with triple jaws will not bark at him. The Sisters with their flames and towering snakes will terrify him not. Nay, even the churlish mariner of the greedy skiff will draw nearer to the barren banks and parched shore, that the boy may without hazard step on board.

What message is this that with joyous wand Cyllene's son is signalling to me? On a day so dark can there be aught of gladness? '*Many a time the boy had marked you twining fresh garlands and clasping to your breast the bust of Blaesus: he knew those features and the noble head erect. So when among Ausonian nobles and the sons of Quirinus he saw Blaesus pacing the banks of Lethe-water, he knew him for a friend; and first in silence and with timid steps walked by his side and plucked at the fringe of his robe: anon followed more boldly, for as more boldly he plucked Blaesus spurned him not, but thought him one of the sons of his house whom he*

knew not. Soon when he learnt that the boy was the favourite of Melior, the solace for his lost friend Blaesus, the darling of his peerless companion, he raised him from the ground and twined him about his brawny shoulders, and long while sought joyously with his own hands such presents as Elysium can soften to afford,—the fruitless boughs, the songless birds it may be, and the wan flowers nipped in the bud. And did not bid him forget you, but joined heart to heart and shared in turn with you in the boy's love.'

208 He is gone; this is the end. Heal then your wound, uplift your grief-sunken head. All things you see have suffered or must suffer death. Day and night pass away,—aye, and the stars also, nor is the solid earth saved by her massy fabric. The nations bow to death; who can stay to weep the passing of a frail and strengthless people? War and ocean claim their victims, love and madness deal doom, aye, and fell desire. Why bewail disease? Winter's freezing breath, the fierce heat of the baleful Dogstar, and wan Autumn, from whose jaws proceed forth storms. All that is born must die. Death will claim us,—yes, claim us all; for countless shades Aeacus shakes the urn.

But he whom we weep is happy; he has outsoared gods and men, danger and hazard, and the pitfalls of our blind life; he is secure from fate. 'Twas not his lot to shrink from—or to pray for—death, not yet to deserve to die. We are a restless people and evil-starred; for we know not whence our death is to come, nor how our life shall close;

from what star the thunder threatens, what cloud shall sound our knell. Doth this thought not move thee? Yet thou shalt be moved and with a good grace. Come, Glaucias, come hither from the gloomy threshold. Thy prayers alone can win every boon; for neither Charon nor the comrade of that baleful[1] monster restrains the souls of the innocent. Thou must soften his heart; thou must stay his streaming tears; thou must make glad for him the nights with thy sweet accents and living looks. Tell him thou art not dead; and still commend to his kindness—thou canst—thy hapless parents and thy sister forlorn.

II *Est inter notos Sirenum*

The poet commemorates a visit to his friends Pollius and Polla at their country-seat near Sorrento.

BETWEEN the walls that bear the name of the Sirens and the rocks burdened with Tyrrhene Minerva's temple, stands a lofty mansion that looks out upon the Bay of Puteoli. This is ground dear to Bromius. On the high hills ripens a vintage that needs not to be jealous of Falernian vats. Hither I came rejoicing from the quinquennial festival of my birth-place, when the quiet hung heavy and the dust settled

[1] Line 230. 'dirae' (ϛ). If the text is sound, the comrade is Cerberus, the monster possibly the Hydra, which in the sixth *Aeneid* (line 287) is represented as guarding the approach to Tartarus.

white upon the course, since to the laurels of Ambracia turned the thoughts of the contestants. The honey-sweet tongue of gentle Pollius and the girlish grace of winsome Polla lured me to cross the bay of my native Parthenope, though fain ere then to be bending my steps where the beaten highway, Appia, queen of far-stretching roads, sweeps along its well-known track.

Yet I am glad I spent the time. The sheltered waters, the crescent bay break a passage through the arc of cliff on either hand. Nature is beaten off the field! Here, between hill and sea, is the only beach on the promontory, that landward ends in an over-arching cliff. The charm that first greets the sight is a steaming bath-house with twin cupolas. From the land a rivulet of fresh water flows to meet the brine. Here would the blithe choir of Phorcus and Cymodoce, with dripping tresses, and ocean Galatea delight to bathe. Before the bath-house the dark-haired King of the swelling wave keeps watch and ward over that home of peace. The fane is his on which the salt waves shed their caressing foam. The happy fields have Alcides for their guardian. These are the two Deities that make glad the haven. One stands sentinel over the land, one curbs the cruel sea. A wondrous calm is upon the waters. Here the waves in weariness forget to rage. Gentler is the breath of the wild sirocco; less daring the headlong storm; peaceful and unruffled the pools, calm as the Master's soul. From the shore, along the high counterscarps of cliff, the Colonnade makes its way, worthy of a city. The

long platform dominates the rough rocks. Where once was blinding dust and dazzling sunshine—a wild unlovely track—it is now a joy to pass. Even such is the arcade that leads from Ino's haven, the Lechaeum, the wayfarer who would climb to the high citadel of Bacchus-haunted Corinth.

Not though Helicon should vouchsafe to me all her waters, or Pimplea more than quench my thirst; not though the hoof-mark of the flying steed should bounteously refresh me, and chaste Phemonoe unlock for me her secret springs, or the waters that my Pollius (Phoebus guiding him) with deep-thrust urn disturbed,—not even so could I avail in hallowed strains worthily to sing the countless graces and beauties of the spot. So long was the array, my sight could scarce follow it; scarce could my feet bear me, as I traced each detail. O the confusion of things! I know not whether first to marvel at the genius of the master or of his land! One hall looks out upon the sunrise and the fresh beams of Phoebus, another keeps him back at his setting, and will not suffer the after-glow to pass, when the day is wearied out, and the shadows from darkening hills fall upon the waters, and the mansion is mirrored in the glassy flood. Here are rooms that resound with the voices of the sea; here are others that refuse to know the thunderous surges, but choose rather the silence of the land. Here Nature had been lavish to the ground; here, though, she has yielded and bowed before the artist's hand, and obediently has learned new and gentler ways.

Here once stood a hill where now you see level ground. The halls you enter now were wildwood thickets aforetime; where to-day you see tall groves there was not even soil of old. The master has tamed the place, and blithely has the land obeyed his conquering sway, that has given shape to the rocks while it carried them by storm. See, the cliffs bow to his yoke. See the hill that would force a way into the house and now is bidden to retire.[1] Forthwith let the cunning hand of Methymna's bard, the peerless lute of Thebes, and the glory of the Thracian lyre own thee their master; *thou* too movest mountains, *thee* too high woods obey.

What need to tell of the statues fashioned long since in wax and in bronze? Of all that the tints of Apelles delight to have endowed wellnigh with breath; all that the hands of Pheidias fashioned to wondrous loveliness even while Pisa was still tenantless; all that the skill of Myro or the chisel of Polyclitus conjured into life; bronzes, from the funeral-fire of Corinth, more precious than gold; busts of great captains and bards and wise men of old, whom it is thy study to follow, whose influence fills thy whole heart, my unruffled sage, as with a virtuous tranquillity of mind and a soul at peace thou heedest not the bidding of others. Why should I rehearse the countless roof tops, and the ever-changing view? Each has a charm of its own: every chamber-window has its

[1] Line 59. Cf. Mrs. Humphry Ward, *The Marriage of William Ashe*, part v, sub fin.: 'Through the open door of one of the rooms Ashe saw the foaming mass (of water), framed as it were in a window *and almost in the house*'.

private sea. Across the level waters each room commands a territory all its own. One looks upon Inarime, from another the cliffs of Prochyta come into sight; on one hand appears great Hector's amour-bearer, from another, look how sea-girt Nesis draws a niggard breath of murky air; from another Euploea of happy augury to roving mariners. There Megalia's high bluffs beat back the curling waves and thy Limon chafes that his master rests beyond the waters over against him, as he gazes at thy Surrentine home far off. Yet one hall there is, that quite outshines the rest; one hall that straight across the sea presents to thee Parthenope. Therein are marbles chosen from the heart of quarries in Greece; some splashed with tracery as of Orient Syene, some hewn by Phrygian picks up and down the land of lovelorn Cybele; where, as on painted stone, the white ground is picked out with rings of red. Here is marble quarried from the hills of Lycurgus at Amyclae,—a mimicry of the green grass in stone. And here are bright yellow blocks from Numidia; here the marble of Thasos and of Chios, and Carystian pillars that delight to face seawards.[1] These all front and greet the towers of Naples. A blessing on the fancy that prefers the Greek, that makes a Grecian land thy home! Never may the city of thy birth,

[1] Line 93. This interpretation of a much-emended phrase I owe to Prof. Phillimore. Unlike the cedar in Tennyson's *Maud* (xviii. 3) that 'sighs for Lebanon', the marble rejoices to behold the sea, which recalls the view from the quarries at Carystos out of which it was hewn.

Puteoli, grudge thee to us. We shall make better owners of our poet foster-son.

What need to recount the wealth of the fields; the plough-lands invading the sea; the cliffs that stream with the wine-god's nectar? Oftentimes in autumn, when the vintage is ripening, some sea-nymph scales the rocks and, screened by the murk of night, brushes the brine from her eyes with a ripe bough and snatches sweet clusters from thy hills. Often the spray from the waves hard by dashes over the vines; the Satyrs plunge into the flood, and the hill-gods are fain to seize the ocean-nymphs as they play naked in the waters.

Fair betide the lord and lady of the land, until they reach the years of a Tithonus or a Nestor! Never may it change this its noble allegiance, nor ever be outmatched by the steading of Hercules[1] or the bay of Dicarchus; nor may the Master oftener find joy[2] in his loved vineyards on Spartan Galesus. Here rather, where Pollius plies his muse-craft,—whether he ponders the counsels of the sage of Gargettus, whether he strikes my epic lute or weaves an elegiac lay, or menacingly unsheathes the satire of his vengeance; here from the rocks lightly speed the Sirens to melodies more entrancing than their own; here Tritonia stirs her crests to listen. Then, then the wild winds cease: even the waves are forbidden to rage. Dolphins rise from the deep, and drawn to the magic of his music gently swim along the cliff-foot.

[1] Line 110. i. e. Bauli. [2] Line 111. 'placeant' (5).

Long life to thee, and greater wealth than the treasures of Midas and the gold of Croesus, and happiness beyond the kingship of Troy and the Euphrates,—to thee whom neither treacherous power nor the fickle mob, neither laws nor camp can lure! Thy heart is too great for hope or fear, uplifted high above all longing; beyond the reach of fate, and flouting the disdain of fortune. Death shall not find thee in doubt and confusion but sated with life and prepared to be gone. We are an unprofitable folk, bond-slaves of transitory blessings, and never free from some fresh desire. We scatter to meet fresh adventures. Thou from the fastness of wisdom dost look down on our wandering and laugh at the joys of men. Time was when the allegiance of two lands distracted thee, when thou wert the idol of two cities. On this side worshipped and worshipful to the people of Dicarchus, yet again bidden to my own folk, lavish alike to these and those, full of the fire of youth and proud in thy changing strains. But now the mist is scattered; the truth shines clear; others are tossed yonder upon the deep; thy bark is come safe to a quiet haven and a peaceful port, unshaken by storm. Go on as thou hast begun, and nevermore unmoor thy skiff (her voyaging is over) to face the hurricane that overwhelms us. And thou, wise beyond all other wives of Latium, and matched in mind with thy husband,—thou, whose heart is never tortured by care, whose countenance is never bent to frown, but ever wears bright joy and careless gladness: thy

riches are not hoarded and stifled in miserly chests; thy heart is not tortured for loss of greedy gain. Frank and open is thy abundance, moderate thy desires, and no strangers to joy. Never hearts were joined together under a happier star. Even such are the souls that are schooled by harmony to love their chains.[1] Learn ye the joys of the sheltered life, and live happy, without one care, for from your hearts proceed fires of true love knitted for ever in one. Passion is sanctified to the rule of a passionless friendship. So let your names endure till the years roll into centuries, and so outstrip the glory of old renown.

III *Stat qua perspicuas*

The legend of the Plane-tree in Melior's grounds. A birthday poem.

EMBOSOMING yonder waters there stands a tree where best it may shelter lordly Melior's crystal lake. No sooner has it sprung from the lowest roots than it stoops over the flood; anon with straight stem towers high, as though in the mid-waters it found fresh birth; as though its secret roots lodged beneath the glassy wave. Why ask Phoebus to unfold so slight a history! Ye fountain-fairies and easy

[1] Line 143. The translation follows Prof. Housman, who considers (*C. R.* vol. xx, pp. 42–3) that a line has been lost before 143, which he supplies thus—

⟨vincula amare magis. Fallentis gaudia vitae⟩

Fauns! your help suffices; you shall rehearse the legend.

The silly nymphs were flying in a bevy before Pan. Headlong he followed, as he would seize them all; yet to Pholoe alone he sought. She fled through brake and stream; and now it was the goat-limbs, and now the wanton horns of her pursuer that affrighted her. Past the battle-haunted grove of Janus, past the grim lair of Cacus and the fields of Quirinus, on tiptoe of terror she fled, till she came to the shelter of the Coelian woods.[1] There at last, outworn with the chase and overcome by fear,—just where to-day stands wide the trusty home of tranquil Melior,—closer around her she gathered her saffron robe, and on the verge of the springing bank she hid.[2] Swift followed the shepherd-god, thinking that the prize was his. And now his fevered breast was shaken with sighs; and now he hovered lightly over his prey. When lo, as Diana ranged the seven hills, hunting the trail of a deer on Aventine, she came hot-foot thither. Angered was the goddess at the sight, and turning to her true companions cried:—'*What, shall I never keep this wanton horde of foul Satyrs from their lustful raids? Must the number of my chaste votaries ever grow less?*' She said, and drew a short shaft from her quiver: but the bow bent not nor twanged with wonted

[1] Line 14. 'Coelica tesca' (Markland). Cf. Tacitus, *Ann.* iv. 65 'Haud fuerit absurdum tradere montem eum antiquitus Querquetulanum cognomento fuisse, quod *talis silvae frequens fecundusque erat*'. [2] Line 17. 'artius et vivae.'*

music; for she was content to toss it with one hand alone, and touched (so runs the tale) but the left hand of the drowsy nymph with the arrow feathers. Up started Pholoe, and saw at once the day and her wanton foe; and seeing, lest she should bare her snow-white limbs, just as she was, in all her raiment, plunged into the mere. There, deep under the waters, she hid in the weeds that paved the pool, thinking that Pan was after her. Baffled in a moment, what could the marauder do? Trust him to the deep waters he durst not, for he knew his limbs were hairy and from his earliest years no skill had he to swim. Unstintingly he made lament, and cried out upon the heartless Fair, the wayless mere, and the jealous dart.[1] Then he espied a young plane-tree: the stem was long, and countless the boughs; a crest aspiring to the skies. This he set hard by and heaped about it the quickening sand, and sprinkled it with the longed-for waters and charged it, saying; '*Live long, O tree, to be renowned as token of my vow. Thou at least, if I may not, must stoop and cherish the winding bower of this heartless nymph. Wrap thy leaves about her flood. Suffer her not, cruel though she be, to be parched by the heat of the sun or lashed by the pitiless hail. Only forget not to strew and stain her pool with thy leaves. Long then will I remember thee and the Queen of this kindly haunt and foster both to a prosperous old age. Henceforth with Jove's oak, Apollo's bays, and the*

[1] Lines 37–8. 'omnia questus,
Inmitem *domin*am, stagna invia et invida tela.'*

silver poplar shade, let my pines be amazed at thy branches.' He ended, and the plane, quickening with life, hung athwart the brimming waters with arching stem, and brooded over Pan's lost love. With fostering shadows it searched the wave and sought its embrace; but the pride of the water put it away and shrank from touch. At last struggling upwards, and balanced on the trunk,[1] once more it cunningly poised upright a crest with never a knot, as though with another root it sank into the depths of the pool. Now even Phoebe's votary hates it not, but woos the branches she banished from her waters.

Such birthday gift Melior I bring to thee, a little offering, and yet destined, it may be, to live long. For thee,—in whose calm soul dwell honour and courtesy, and virtue grave yet gay,—for thee, the scorner of sluggish ease, of tyrannous power and unconscionable ambition; whose is the mean traced betwixt duty and pleasure; whose faith is stainless, whose heart a stranger to turmoil; aloof, even before the world, seeing that in order due thy life is planned; for thee who art quick to spurn gold, aye, and skilled to order thy wealth aright and bring to the light thy store. Long mayst thou flourish, young as now in heart and in character. Go on to vie with the years of Priam and Tithonus, and to outpass the age which thy father and thy mother bore with them to Perse-

[1] Line 58. There appears to be no authority for this meaning of '*fundus*'. Yet the sense of the passage demands it here unless the word is a corruption of, e.g., '*trunco*'.

phone. Such boon have they won for thee from the stern Sisters,—they and the high renown of noble Blaesus, that shall flourish once more, destined by thy witness to escape the silence of decay.

IV *Psittace dux volucrum*

In memory of Melior's parrot.

PARROT, parrot, king of birds, fluent favourite of thy master; parrot, skilled to mimic the accents of man, what power by too swift a fate has stilled thy voice? Poor thing, only yesterday, though doomed to die, thou hadst a place at our feast. Beyond the midnight we saw thee ranging the couches and tasting the good cheer. Greetings, too, and well-conned words thou hadst repeated. To-day the dateless silence of Death seals all that melody. Oh, tell no more the oft-told tale of Phaethon's sisters. 'Tis not only the dying swan that sings its own death-hymn.

Ah, how spacious was thy dwelling-place! How radiant the ruddy dome! a row of silver bars set in ivory round about thee. Shrill rang the portals at the pecking of thy beak[1]. Alas, to-day the doors

[1] Line 13. No instance is cited of *cornu* in the sense of beak, though Ovid (*Met.* viii. 546) has 'cornea rostra'. 'Perhaps the parrot's screech is described as his "winding his horn" (writes Prof. Phillimore), otherwise I can only imagine that "cornu" is a material used in the cage, real horn: in which case *two* would ask to be emended.' But the phrase as it stands is quite in the manner of Statius. An exaggerative writer would not scruple to describe the beak of (e. g.) the Great Black Cockatoo as its 'horn', and that I take to be the meaning here.

speak their own vexation. Tenantless is that blissful prison; vanished the scolding voice that filled the princely mansion!

Let all scholar birds flock hither, unto whom Nature has granted the right divine of speech. Let the favourite of Phoebus utter a lament; the starling too, that forgets not to re-echo faithfully the accents it has heard; the woodpeckers that for rivalling the Muses suffered change; the partridge that links and repeats the words of man; the nightingale that warbles forlorn in her Thracian bower. Mourn, mourn ye birds together! Bear your dead companion to the funeral fire; and, one and all, learn ye this new dirge. '*The Parrot,—the glory and the pride of the fowls of the air, the radiant Ruler of the East,—is dead, is dead. Whom neither the bird of Juno with jewelled plumage, nor the denizen of frozen Phasis, nor the Meleagrides, the prey of the Numidians in the rainy south, could surpass in beauty. The Parrot that had greeted kings, that had uttered the name of Caesar, that had played the part now of mourning friend, and now of gay companion,—so ready to repeat the message it had learned. When he was released from his cage, Melior never wanted for company. Yet not without honour is his passing to the Shades. With Eastern perfumes the pyre is kindled; fragrant is his delicate plumage with Arabian incense and saffron of Sicily. Untouched by the languor of old age he shall be borne a happier phoenix to a richer pyre.*'[1]

[1] Lines 29–37. The translation follows the traditional view that the dirge extends to the end of the poem.

V *Quid tibi deposita*

On Melior's tame Lion killed in the Amphitheatre.

WHAT has it profited thee now to put off[1] thine anger and forget thy fierceness: to unlearn thy savage instinct and desire not man's blood: to endure bondage and to obey a puny master: to come at a word from thy cage and to thy cage return again: to yield up of thine own will the prey thou hadst seized: to relax thy jaws and release the hand they had held? For all thy skill to slay mighty beasts thou thyself art slain; not compassed about by the Massylian host, not caught within winding toils, not with dread spring over-leaping the spears, or duped by masked yawning pit, but conquered by a beast in flight. With gaping gates open stands the ill-omened cage. Around, behind close-locked doors, thy trembling kin, thy brother lions chafed that so foul a wrong was suffered. Anon their manes drooped: they were ashamed one and all to look upon thy body brought back, and gathered all their foreheads into a frown.

But not at one blow did this strange dishonour crush and destroy thee. Thy courage was undaunted at thy fall; thy spirit returned to thee even from the jaws of death. Nor did all thy menaces flee away at

[1] Line 1. 'deposita' (A. C. Clark). Mr. Clark considers that *monstrata* is an interpolation from iv. 31 just above, and that some word such as *deposita* has been ousted. I had thought of 'Quid tibi monstra tua', &c.: but this would not be altogether satisfactory.

once. Even as a soldier, that knows he hath his death-wound, yet ere he die fronts and defies the foe, with hand upraised and menace of failing sword; so did yon lion with fainting steps, stripped of his wonted pride, yet opening his jaws and hardening his eyes, pant for breath and for the foe. Still, though in a moment mastered and slain, rich recompense shalt thou bear hence with thee. For as though thou wert a gladiator of renown stretched there on the bloody sand, the people and the senate mourned and sighed to see thee die. And amid so many beasts from Scythia and Libya, from banks of Rhine and herds of Pharos, whose death is unregarded, thy loss alone it was, lion, that dimmed our great Ruler's eye.

VI *Saeve nimis, lacrimis*

To Flavius Ursus on the death of a favourite slave.

OVER-HARSH is he who sets bounds to sorrow and a limit to lamentation. It is sad for a father to kindle (alas!) the funeral fire of his children in their prime and of his sons growing to manhood; hard for a husband to be robbed of his wife, and left to bewail the partner of his couch. Bitter it is to sigh for a sister or to weep a brother lost. Yet men of other blood than ours steal into our hearts, so that a lighter wound touches us more nearly than a greater grief. 'Tis for a slave, Ursus, that you mourn, a slave

—since thus with blind hands Fortune confounds the name and discerns not the heart. Yet he was loyal; and for his loving faith he deserved the tears we are shedding. Nobler than an unbroken pedigree was the freedom of his soul. Check not your tears. Be not ashamed. If so cruel a lot is decreed, let your sorrow on this day know no curb. You are a man[1]: and for a man,—alas, I am but kindling the fire of grief,—a man after your own heart you weep. Fain was he to serve you: no bitterness was in him; he welcomed the yoke, and of himself ruled himself sternly. Who shall chide your sorrow over such a grave? The Parthian sighs for his charger slain in battle, the Molossian for his trusty hound. Even birds have had their pyre and a deer his dirge from Maro. What if he was at heart no slave? I have seen him with my eyes and marked his bearing; how he brooked[2] you only for his lord; but prouder than his bearing was the pride upon his brow; high character was plain to read on his boyish countenance. Right glad had been the mothers of Greece and eager they of Latium to have borne such a son. Less noble was proud Theseus, whom the subtle maid of Crete with careful clew won back; and less comely the shepherd Paris, when, to behold his Spartan love, he launched the reluctant pine-barks upon the wave. Think not that I am deceiving you: the wonted freedom of poetry leads not my song astray. I saw him, and see

[1] Line 14. 'homo enim' (Macnaghten).
[2] Line 22. 'capientis' (Markland).

him still, a fairer shape than Achilles when Thetis hid him on the maiden-haunted shore, that he might beware of battle; or Troilus, when the lance from the hand of Achilles overtook him as he sped round the walled town of merciless Phoebus. How fair thou wast! Comelier far than all youths or men; surpassed only by thy lord. His beauty alone outshone thee, as the moon outshines the lesser lights, or as Hesperus dims the stars of heaven. It was not womanish fairness that was on thy brow, not softness of beauty on thy countenance,[1]—as on theirs whose limbs uncharactered by the forbidden knife proclaim them outcasts from manhood,—but boy[2] though thou wast, thou hadst a man's comeliness: not overbold thy glance, but mild thine eye, yet earnest and bright: so looked Parthenopaeus, when his helmet was doffed.[3] Simple thy comely wavy locks: thy chin unbearded, but golden with the bloom of youth. Such are the striplings whom the river Eurotas rears by Leda's wave, and in such guise and so innocent the boys who come to Elis and approve their boyhood to Jove. The honour (whence was it?)[4] of a stainless soul, untroubled calm of heart, a wisdom riper than thy years—all these were thine. In song—wherein perchance I may have power—oftentimes he would

[1] Line 39. Cf. III. iv. 74–5.
[2] Line 40. 'parvoque virilis' (edd. vett.).
[3] Line 42. 'demissa casside visu.' *
[4] Line 48. 'nam pudor (unde?)' &c. (Garrod). Cf. *Theb.* viii. 627.

rally his master—who was fain to listen—and help him with high and zealous counsel. Your sadness and your gladness, Ursus, he shared; nor ever followed his own bent, but to your looks formed his own; worthy to surpass in renown that Haemonian Pylades and the loyalty of Theseus. Nay, let the limit of his praise be the bound that his rank allows; not more faithfully did sad-hearted Eumaeus await the return of lingering Ulysses.

'What god was it, what chance that chose out a wound so fell? Whence did the Fates find such skill to harm? How much more bravely, Ursus, had you borne loss of wealth and rich substance; whether in smoking avalanche the rich fields of the Locrians had belched forth Vesuvian fire, or the rivers had overwhelmed the Pollentine glades, or Lucanian Acir or headstrong Tiber had hurled his deep waters on his right bank, with unruffled brow you would have borne the will of heaven. Aye, or if nurturing Crete and Cyrene and whatsoever lands there be from which Fortune returns to you with her bosom full of plenty,—if all had refused the promised harvest. But baleful Envy, skilled to wound, saw the weak point in your heart and the sure avenue of pain. But now he was at the turning point of manhood, and peerless in beauty assayed to add yet three years more to his three Olympiads, when grim-visaged Nemesis set her stern glance upon him; and first she made his thews stronger and his eyes brighter, and bade him bear his head higher than of old. Alas, deadly was her

favour to the hapless youth. She tormented her own heart with the sight and, taking to her embrace Treachery[1] and Death, she cast her toils on him as he lay, and with taloned hands mercilessly tore that brow serene. Hardly was the morning star at the fifth rising[2] saddling his dripping steeds, when already, Beloved, the bitter shore of pitiless Charon and pitiless Acheron were before thine eyes. With what an agony of grief thy master called thee back![3] Not thy mother, had she lived, nor thy father could more passionately have bruised and disfigured their limbs: and surely thy brother who saw thy burial blushed to be outdone. Yet not on a slave's pyre was thy body burnt. Fragrance of frankincense and saffron of Cilicia the flame consumed: cinnamon from the Phoenix' nest, balm that distils from Assyrian simples, and thy master's tears: these only thine ashes drank, those the pyre greedily consumed. The Setian wine that drowned the grey embers, the polished onyx that took thy bones to its heart, was not so precious to thy poor shade as those tears.

But do even your tears help the dead? Why, Ursus, do we yield to sorrow? Why do you hug your loss and wilfully cherish the wound? Where is the eloquence that men haled to the judgement seat know so well? Why torture the loved shade with so savage a grief? Though he be a matchless soul and worthy to be mourned, thou hast paid the debt. He is entering among the blest, and at peace in

[1] Line 77. 'Insidias.' * [2] Line 79. 'Oeta' (Postgate).
[3] Line 82. Cf. I. ii. 199 'quantum non clamatus Hylas'.

Elysium; there perchance he finds father and mother ennobled now; or in the sweet stillness of Lethe the fountain-fairies of Avernus mingle, it may be, and sport with him, and Proserpine with sidelong glances marks their play. Peace, I pray you, to your lament. The Fates will find for you, or he himself mayhap will give, another Beloved, and joyously will bestow on him the same heart and the same mien, and teach him to win your love by his likeness to the lost.

VII *Lucani proprium diem*

Lucan's Birthday.

UP, all ye dwellers on the hills of Dione of the Isthmus, all ye whose hearts are fired by the thrill of inspiration, and who drink of the fountain which sprang from the flying hoof. Up, and do honour to Lucan's day! Ye also, even ye, in whose hands is the honour of minstrelsy! Arcadian Hermes, deviser of the tuneful lyre, and Bacchus, who dost whirl the Bassarids in the dance; Paean and the Hyantian sisters, up! and blithely do on new ribbons of purple; adorn your hair and let your white robes be wreathed with streamers of lush ivy. Let the rivers of song take a wider sweep; let the woods of the Muses put on fresh leafage, and every gap and inlet of the daylight be filled with fresh greenwood shade. In the Thespian groves set up a hundred fragrant altars, offer a hundred victims, fresh from bathing in Dirce or browsing on

Cithaeron. Lucan is my theme. Attend, ye Muses! in your honour we keep the day. Let an auspicious silence reign, while to the poet who exalted you in the twin arts of prose and poetry—the High Priest of Roman song—we pay our homage.

Happy, thrice happy and blessed, the land that sees the downward courses of Hyperion sink under the surface of the sea; that hears the hiss of his plunging wheels; whose fat olive-presses vie with Athens that yields increase to Tritonis;—since for Lucan the world is her debtor. Greater, O land, is this guerdon than thy gift of Seneca to man; greater than the bestowal upon us of thy golden-mouthed Gallio; more renowned than Grecian Meles shall Baetis be. Baetis, turn back thy stream and exalt thy waters to the stars; let Mantua beware of challenging thee.

At his first birth, while he was still crawling on earth, and lisping with baby lips in numbers sweet, gracious Calliope took him to her heart. Never till then had she softened and put off her long-drawn sorrow and sighing for Orpheus. '*Child*,' she cried, '*to the Muses vowed, soon thou shalt outstrip the bards of old. Not streams nor herded beasts, not the ash-trees of Thrace shall thy lyre entrance; nay, but the Seven Hills and the river of Mars, scholar knights and crimson-robed senators shall hang upon thy eloquence. Let others follow the beaten track of poesy; let their theme be the midnight sack of Troy, the return of lingering Ulysses, the adventures of Minerva's bark. Thou shalt be the darling of Latium; and, mindful of thy birth, shalt utter*

in bolder strains a Roman-liveried lay. In boyhood's days, thy first slight songs shall be of Hector and the chariot of Achilles; of the suppliant gold of princely Priam. Thou shalt unbar the gates of the underworld, and to the gay theatres rehearse the story of thankless Nero and of Orpheus my son. Thou shalt sing the impious flames of the guilty Emperor that coursed over the roof-tops of Rome. Then unto chaste Polla shall honour and glory be paid by thy merry address. Anon, in manhood's nobler language, the thunders of thy verse shall sound of Philippi whitening with the bones of Romans, and the fight at Pharsalus (ah, lightning blow,[1] *dealt by our sovereign Lord in arms); of great Cato, loyal and free, and of Pompey the darling of the people. Thy faithful heart shall bewail the guilt of Egyptian Canopus, thy hand uprear to Pompey a loftier monument than blood-stained Pharos. Thus shalt thou sing in thy first manhood, younger than Virgil when he bewailed the Gnat. Bold Ennius and his untutored muse shall give place before thee; Lucretius the prophet, and his impassioned lore; and* [2]*he who tells of the passage of the Argonauts and he who throws constituent atoms into new shapes.*[3] *Yea, fuller praise, even the Aeneid shall do homage to thee, the bard of Rome.*

Nor shall the glory of song be my only gift to thee. In happy marriage I will bestow on thee a poetess worthy

[1] Line 67. 'o fulmen . . . !'*

[2] Lines 77–8. i. e. Varro and Ovid.

[3] Line 78. The Lucretian phrase, *corpora prima*, seems to be suggested by the mention of Lucretius just above.

of thy muse,[1] *a bride such as Juno and gracious Venus might give. Beauty and innocence, kindness and wealth, lineage and all grace and comeliness shall be hers, and at your gates in jocund strains my own lips shall chant the bridal song.*

Ah! why is fate so harsh, so cruel? Why is renown ever short-lived? Why do the thunderbolts of Fortune strike the highest peaks? Why by harsh dispensation does greatness never see old age? By such a law it was that after he had blasted East and West with his lightnings,[2] *the son of Libyan Jove was laid at Babylon in a little grave. By such a law Thetis shuddered at the fall of Pelides, pierced by the dart of trembling Paris. By such a law I followed the severed but still melodious head of my own Orpheus down the banks of echoing Hebrus. By such a law thou too, the reproach of the unbridled tyrant,*[3] *shalt be forced to plunge in the cataracts of Lethe, with the story of battle on thy lips, and thy voice uplifted*

[1] Line 83. For the construction cf. Plautus, *Miles*, 619 'Neque *te decora* neque tuis virtutibus'.

[2] Line 94. *Ortus* and *occasus* are so used in IV. vi. 61. But the line of Sidonius (xxiii. 96)

Vitam fulminibus parem peregit

looks very like an imitation of this (cf. also Sid. ix. 50 'Paterno *Actum fulmine* pervolasse terras'), and there is much to be said for the traditional rendering 'after his lightning rise and passing', if the rare adjective, 'fulminatus,' can bear such a sense. See L. & S. sub v.; and cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 119:

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens'.

[3] Line 100. 'sic et tu, rabidi nefas tyranni' (the new *Corpus Poetarum*). Prof. Postgate compares Lucan, viii. 549:

Si meruit tam claro nomine Magnus
Caesaris esse *nefas*.

to give comfort to the mighty dead. Even so (alas! the cruel, cruel crime!) the silence shall take thee.'

She ended, and with gleaming quill lightly brushed away her falling tears.

But for thee,—whether uplifted in the soaring chariot of Fame along the swift orbit of the sky, from the heights of the mighty thou gazest down upon earth and smilest at the grave;[1] or whether thou dost inhabit the grove of bliss thy worth has won,—a happy soul on the Elysian shores, where gather the heroes of Pharsalus; and Pompeys and Catos attend upon thy lofty strains;—or whether thy proud and hallowed shade surveys the place of torment, and from afar thou hearkenest to the tortures of the damned, and seest Nero paling at the sight of his mother's torch: —let thy bright presence come to us, and at Polla's prayer, entreat, I beseech thee, one day of the gods of silence. That door is oft unbarred for the return of husbands to their brides. Not in wantonness of feigned rites doth Polla endue thee with pretended godhead. Thee, thee she worships, thee she cherishes. Thine image lives in her inmost heart, and idle[2] is the comfort brought her by thy presentment that, fashioned in gold, shines above her couch and broods over her innocent dreams. Banished far hence be all shapes of death! This day is the birthday of life and happiness. A truce to all agony of grief! Let tears of joy be shed, and sorrow turn all its late weeping into worship.

[1] Lines 107 sqq. An allusion to the opening lines of the ninth book of the *Pharsalia*. [2] Line 128. 'vana' (M.).

Book III

I *Intermissa tibi renovat*

Pollius dedicates a temple to Hercules at Sorrento.

LORD of Tiryns, Pollius to-day revives thy interrupted honours and shows reason good for the neglectful year. 'Tis that thy ritual has now a more spacious shrine. No longer a poor dwelling on the bare shore, a hut for strayed mariners to inhabit, but gay portals and lintels resting upon the marbles of Greece are thine, as though a second time thou hadst just risen purified by lustral brands of ennobling fire from thy pyre on Oeta to the sky.

Scarce can one trust the testimony of eye and memory. Art thou that unhonoured warden of tiny altar and threshold with no door? Whence has Alcides of the wilds these new-built courts, this sudden splendour? Gods and scenes have alike their changes. How swift this homage! But yesterday there was nothing here to see save barren sand round about the sea-drenched mountain spur; nothing but brier-clad rock and soil too churlish to allow any footing. What chance, then, has on a sudden enriched the rugged cliff? Have Theban lyre and Thracian lute conjured up these walls? Even the year marvels at the task: those twelve short moons—a narrow span—wonder as at the work of centuries. It is the god: *he* has brought hither and upreared towers for his own dwelling. His might has

dislodged the struggling crags: his giant breast has stemmed back the mountain. You might think his merciless stepdame had enjoined the labour.

Come then, sire, whether thou dwellest enfranchised in thy native Argos, and tramplest on Eurystheus sunk in the grave; or thy father's throne and the heaven thy worth has won are now thy home, and Hebe, fairer than slighted Ganymede, reaches to thee draughts of blissful nectar:—come hither! let thy presence fill the new-built shrine. It is not guilty Lerna, nor the plough-lands of needy Molorchus, not the dreaded field of Nemea nor Thracian cave, nor the polluted altars of the Pharian king that call. Heaven-blessed and guileless is the home, unwitting of foul deceit, right worthy of a guest from heaven. Lay aside, then, thy deadly bow and the merciless array of thy quiver, and the club dyed deep with the blood of the oppressor. Do off the lion skin from those stark shoulders. Here is a couch for thee, and piled-up cushions embroidered with purple patterns of acanthus; and high thy throne and rough with carven ivory. Come not in heavy displeasure nor in the suspicious spirit of servitude; but mild-eyed and in peace: in the guise wherein Maenalian Auge stayed thee outworn with revelry and drenched with thy brother's grapes; or as when Thestius, father of thy fifty brides, marvelled at thee after the reproach of that night's inconstancies. Here are festal games in thy honour; here with innocent rivalry and ungauntleted strife in swift-recurring rites men yearly celebrate thy contest. Here, to his grand-

sire's joy, a child is written down as priest to thy temple, still young as thou, when thou didst first crush with baby hands thy stepdame's monsters and then weep their death.

But say, revered Calliope, whence took this shrine its sudden rise? Speak, and in unison with thee Alcides shall make his tense bowstring ring amain and echo thy song.

It was in the season when the heavens burn most fiercely over earth, and stricken with the fullness of the sun's force Sirius eagerly scorches the sweltering fields. The day was come whereon at Aricia Trivia's grove that welcomes the runaway for its king, is lurid with torches, and the lake that shares the secret of Hippolytus gleams with the light of many a flambeau. The goddess herself frees from the chase and garlands her hounds, and wipes her javelins and suffers the deer to go unharried: while all Italy at pure altars keeps Hecate's day holy. Now although my own demesne beneath the hills of Dardan Alba and the stream that by our great lord's bounty is mine, had full availed to temper the fiery heat and soothe my meditations, yet by the rocks of the Sirens and the hearth of eloquent Pollius I dwelt awhile, a visitor but no stranger, busily seeking to learn the secret of his calm soul and gentle bearing, and gathering the fresh blossoms of his stainless song. It chanced that, weary of narrow doors and wonted shelter, we were keeping Trivia's day on the dank shore, screened from the sun's fierce rays by the leafage of a spreading tree, when the

sky grew dark: sunshine gave place to sudden storm and the penetrating West was changed to rain-laden South, in such a tempest as Saturnia sent on Libya, when royal Dido was given to a Trojan lover, and the witness nymphs shrilled through the wilds. We scattered, and the slaves snatched up the festal meats and garlanded wine. But they knew not where our feast could find shelter. For though houses without number were perched upon the gay fields above, and though the hillside shone bright with many a cupola, the menace of the storm and the promise that the banished sunshine would return made us seek the nearest covert. There stood a tiny cottage,—a shrine 'twas called and holy,—that beneath its narrow roof-tree cabined and confined the mighty Hercules; scarce was there room within to shelter sea-roaming mariners, and the searchers of the deep. Here we gathered one and all, with the feast and the costly couches, our thronging attendants and fair Polla's winsome suite—all crowded here: the doors could not hold us, the narrow temple failed. The god blushed, and laughing stole into the heart of his loved Pollius. Then with a soft caress, '*What*,' he whispered, '*lordly giver, whose lavish heart has enriched alike the halls of Dicarcheus and budding*[1] *Parthenope, who on my hill hast set all these pinnacles, all these green groves,—so many lifelike statues of bronze and of marble, so many figures fashioned*

[1] Line 92. This use of 'iuvenis' is almost unexampled: *tenuem** would be very apt in the context and the change involved is slight. '*Iuvenem*, perhaps proleptic, "rejuvenated"; cf. IV. viii. 55–56 (Hardie).

in bright wax that seem to breathe,—for what was yonder hill or yonder park, ere it rejoiced in thee? It was thou that over the bare rocks didst draw the covered way. Where there was but a footpath of old stands now, on painted pillars, a high arcade. It was thou that didst shut within twin cupolas channels of the warm wave yonder on the margin of the winding shore, to make fair the road. I can scarce count all thy works: and is Pollius niggardly and poor to me alone? Yet joyously I enter even this mean abode and cherish the shore vouchsafed to me by thee. But from hard by Juno mocks my dwelling and covertly sneers at my shrine. Grant me a temple and altars worthy of thy achievements, so that every ship shall be sorry when fair winds carry her past too quickly; and that the heavenly father, with all the host bidden to the feasts of the gods, aye, and my sister too, from her lofty temple, may resort thither. Fear not, though hard the stiff boss of grudging hillside confronting thee, that untold years have not consumed: I, even I, will be at hand. I will aid your high endeavour and will tear the stubborn heart out of the reluctant earth. Begin: fear not: mistrust not the counsel of Hercules. Not Amphion's towers, not toil-wrought Pergamus could rise so swiftly.' He said, and glided from his heart.

Forthwith the design and the plan are sketched and shaped. There is gathering of countless toilers. These are set to fell the woods, and these to plane the beams, and those to lay the foundations deep in earth. Anon there is baking of moist earth to keep winter at bay

and be proof against the frost. In rounded furnace is melted the stubborn rock.[1] But the chief task is with might and main to uproot opposing cliffs and crags that gainsay the pick. Thereon the genius of the spot, the lord of Tiryns, laid aside his weapons, and when the shades of night curtained and obscured the sun, took a stout axe and with the sweat of his face dug in person at the shapeless mass. Rich Capreae and green Taurubulae resounded, and loud rang back to land the echo from the sea. Not so great is the turmoil of Etna when her anvils quake beneath the blows of Brontes and Steropes; nor louder the thunder of the Lemnian caves when glowing Mulciber is forging an aegis and fashioning chaste gifts for Pallas. Down sink the crags, till returning with the rose of morning the toilers marvel at his work. Scarce was the next panting summer come when Tirynthius looked down in state from a towering keep upon the waves. To-day he vies in splendour with the halls of his stepdame hard by, and can welcome Pallas his sister to a worthy temple. And now there was winding of the bugles of peace; the beach was astir with a festival of strength. Here is homage that neither Jupiter of Pisa nor the lord of gloomy Cirrha could disdain. No sadness here. Room, dolorous Isthmus, room grim Nemea, give room! Here a happier babe inaugurates the rite. Even the sea-maidens leap unbidden from their pumice-caves, cling to the dripping crags and covertly look on, unashamed, at the bare-limbed wrestle.

[1] Line 122. 'The *silex* is the lava' (Phillimore).

There, too, Gaurus, thickset with the Icarian plant, looks on, and the woods that crown Nesis rooted in the waves; Limon, the calm, and Euploea, whose name augurs well to ships; Venus of Lucrinum, and thou, Misenus, from thy Phrygian fastness must now learn the bugle-call of Greece. Yonder, kindly Parthenope smiles on the rites of her own race, on the heroes stripped for the struggle, the little mimicry of her own festival.

Nay come, sire, and graciously deign to set thine own unvanquished hand to the struggle thou lovest, whether it be thy pleasure to hurl cloud-high the quoit, or with the javelin to outrace the wind: or mightily to lock thee in Libyan wrestle. Shun not our festival, and if thou still hast apples of the Hesperides fling them in the lap of adorable Polla; worthy is she and asks, a noble suppliant, for this great gift. Nay, might she but win back the sweet bloom of her golden youth,—forgive me, Hercules,—perchance thou hadst even wound the skein at her bidding.

This offering I have brought, a joyous reveller, to the new-born altar. Now the god himself is on the threshold. As I gaze, he opens his lips and speaks:—

'*Blessings on the spirit and the store that have rivalled my labours, subduer of the rugged rock and of barren Nature's unsightly wilds, that turnest to men's use the pathless haunts of wild beasts, and honourest my hidden and slighted godhead! What reward can I pay thee? What thanks bestow on thy service? My hand shall hold fast the threads of the Sisters, and check their spindles.*

(*Am I not skilled to conquer Death?*) *I will banish Sorrow and bid grim Loss begone. I will renew thy youth and keep thee scatheless in a hale old age. I will suffer thee to see thy children's children grow to their strength, till the maiden is ripe for a husband and the boy for his bride, and from them springs another generation, and the romping band now climb their grandsire's shoulders and now run in eager rivalry to win kisses from gentle Polla. Never shall the days of my temple reach their close, as long as I am upborne by the fabric of the fiery sky. Nemea shall not more often be my home, nor mansion at Tibur, nor immemorial Argos, nor Gades the chamber of the Sun.*'

He spoke and touched the fire that flamed up from the altar;[1] then shook the poplar wreath whitening on his brow, while he swore the vow by Styx and by his father's lightnings.

II *Di quibus audacis*

A send-off for his patron Maecius Celer, who is sailing for Egypt.

GODS, whose joy it is to guard daring barks and to allay the savage perils of the windy deep, make calm and smooth the sea; pay gentle heed to my vows; let the waves be merciful and drown not my prayer: '*Great and precious, Neptune, is the pledge we are committing to your waters. Young is Maecius whom we entrust to the hazard of the sea, and who is making ready*

[1] Line 184. Cf. for the omen Virgil, *G.* iv. 384–6.

to pass—and with him the half of my heart—across the flood. Now may the Spartan brethren put forth their auspicious stars and alight on the twin peaks of the yard-arm. Let their radiance be bright on sea and sky to drive far off their Trojan sister's stormy light, and banish her utterly from the sky. Ye too, O Nereids, a sea-blue host, to whose lot has fallen the glorious queen-ship of half the upper world (may it be granted me to call you stars of the sea!), arise from the glassy caves of the foam-queen Doris, and with soft strokes swim in rivalry round Baiae bay and the shores that are alive with hot springs. Seek out the tall ship wherein Celer, the noble foster-son of armed Ausonia, prefers to embark. Not for long need ye search: even now across the sea, outstripping all, she came to the shores of Dicarcheus freighted with the harvest of Egypt; outstripping all, she greeted Capreae, and on the starboard side poured libation of Mareotic wine to Tyrrhene Minerva. Around her sides do ye weave your lithe circle, and, with tasks apportioned, some brace taut the mainmast's hempen stays; some set the topsails; some spread her canvas to the West-wind; let others arrange the thwarts and others dip the tiller in the waves to guide the curved bark; let there be some to help the big ship try her ponderous oars,[1] *some to make fast the skiff to follow in her wake, and some to plunge*

Line 30. 'sint quibus exploret remos quatrieris iniquos.'* This is a stop gap. See *Journal of Philology*, vol. xxx, pp. 150 sqq. The true text is hardly likely to be recovered, but one is loth to invent for the suggested *artemo* a meaning which does not belong to it elsewhere; nor are any of the emendations proposed at all convincing.

deep and drag up her moorings. Let one control the tides and slope the waters towards the sunrise. Not one of your sea-sisterhood must lack her task! On this side manifold Proteus, on that twy-formed Triton must glide on before her, and that Glaucus, whose loins were transformed by sudden magic; and still whensoever he returns to his native waters, see, it is a fish that with fawning tail beats Anthedon beach. Thou above all, Palaemon, thou and thy goddess mother, be propitious, if it is my choice to sing of your dear Thebes, and with no degenerate lyre I hymn the minstrel Amphion, whom Phoebus loved. Last, let the father, who in his Aeolian prison curbs the winds,—whom the divers blasts and every breeze that blows over the world's seas, whom storm and storm-cloud obey, —let him, I say, shut faster beneath the mountain barrier North and South and East; let only the West have the freedom of the sky; only the West drive on the bark and glide untiringly over the face of the waters, till, unscathed by storm, the vessel shall furl her sails off the Egyptian shore.'

My prayer is heard. The West-wind himself woos the bark and upbraids the laggard sailors. Ah, but now my heart fails with chill fear, and though warned by dread of the omen, my eyes cannot lock up the tears that quiver on their lids. And now the hawser is cast off: the sailors have unmoored the bark and flung the narrow gangways into the sea. The hard-hearted master on the bridge with long-drawn cry severs our embraces, and parts loving lips: not for long may my arms clasp the dear one's neck. Yet will

I be the last of all the throng to pass to the shore, nor begone till the vessel is scudding on her way.

When the sea was still untried and shut against hapless men, who was the bold spirit who made it a highway and drove out upon the waves loyal fosterlings of the solid earth?—and who launched them upon the gaping flood? Not more reckless was their valour, who planted snowy Pelion on the peaks of Ossa, and crushed panting Olympus under a twofold burden. Was it so small a thing to find out a path through clinging marsh and mere and to curb and straiten rivers with bridges? We hurry into jeopardy and on every side flee headlong from our native lands under the bare sky[1], with but a narrow plank for bulwark. That is why the winds rage and the storms chafe, the sky moans and the bolts of the Thunderer are multiplied. Before barks were, the deep lay sunk in leaden slumber; the sea durst not foam nor the waves lash the clouds. The waters swelled at sight of ships and the tempest rose against men. Then it was that the Pleiads and the Kids were clouded, and Orion grew fiercer than of old.

Not unprovoked is my plaint. See, over the wandering waves speeds the bark in its flight. Fainter it shows

[1] Line 70. '*aëre nudo*' is very difficult. Can it be a corruption of 'aere ⟨mi⟩nuto'? '*Aeratae puppes*' may mean 'sheathed in bronze', and this poem is so reminiscent of the third ode of Horace (Book I) that the phrase may even have been suggested—as Mr. A. B. Cook, to whom I referred my proposal, saw—by the famous 'Illi robur et aes triplex' of that ode. *Minutus* is often applied to ships. Juvenal's '*aere minuto*' might be conscious parody. He has other echoes of Statius.

and fainter; then fades from the sight of the watcher afar. How many fears it clasps within its slender timbers! Thee above all,[1] thee, Celer, the brother of my love, it must waft over the waters. Where can I find courage now to endure the sleep-time and the day? Who in my vague dread shall bring me tidings whether the savage coast of the Lucanian sea has sent thee on thy way? Whether whirling Charybdis seethes and frets; what of the maiden reiver of the Sicilian deep; how boisterous Hadria serves thy speed; whether the Carpathian is calm, and with what breeze the sea, that smiled on the sleight of that Phoenician bull, helps thy course? But I have deserved to sigh, or, when you were going to the wars, why was I not ready to go with you and tire not, even to the unknown Indies or the Cimmerian darkness? I should be standing even now under my patron's banner, whether bridle or sword be yours to hold, or whether you dispense justice by moral authority to armed tribesmen. So though I could not share, I had marvelled at your achievements. If Phoenix of old, a man of peace not sworn to help the proud Atrides, went an honoured companion with great Achilles to Thymbraean Pergamus and the Ilian shore, why was my love cowardly? Yet my faithful thoughts shall ever be with you and my vows follow your sails far.

Isis, who hadst once thy manger in the caves of Phoroneus, queen of Pharos now and goddess of the breathless East, welcome with the manifold voice of

[1] Line 81. 'teque super' (Markland).

thy timbrels the Mareotic bark and the peerless hero, whom the lord of Latium has sent to curb his Eastern standards and the armies of Palestine. With thine own hand lead him in peace through festal shrine and holy haven and the cities of thy realm. Under thy guidance let him learn the secret of the lawless foison of overflowing Nile: why his waters sink so that the flood is kept within bounds by the banks which the nesting swallows [1] have overlaid with clay: the jealousy of Memphis, the wanton revelry on the shores of Spartan Canopus; why Lethe's sentinel guards the altars of Pharos; why beasts of little worth are honoured as the high gods; what altars the long-lived Phoenix arrays for his rites; what fields Apis, the adoration of the eager shepherds, deigns to crop, and in what pools of Nile to plunge. Aye, and bring him to the Emathian grave, where, steeped in honey from Hybla, the warrior-founder of your city keeps undecayed his state. Lead him to the snake-haunted shrine, where Cleopatra of Actium, sunk in painless poisons, escaped Italian chains. Follow him right on to his Assyrian resting-place, to the camp, his charge, and with the Latian war-god leave him. No stranger guest will he be. In these fields he toiled in boyhood, when the radiance of the broad purple was his only renown: yet strong was he already in nimble flight to outstrip the

[1] Line 110. This theory that the banks of the Nile were strengthened and prevented from breaking down under the strain of the rising waters by *accumulations of swallows' nests* is mentioned by Pliny in his *Natural History*.

horsemen, and with his javelin to put to reproach the arrows of the East. . . . . .

Aye, then a day will dawn, when, thy warfare over, Caesar, to give thee nobler station, will bid thee home; when once again we shall stand here upon the shore, gazing out upon the great waves and praying for another breeze. What pride, then, will be mine! How loudly on my lute shall I sound the votive strain! When about your sinewy neck I cling and you raise me to your shoulders: when, fresh from the ship, you fall first upon my breast, and give me all your treasured talk; when in turn we tell the tale of the intervening years: you, of the rushing Euphrates and royal Bactra, the sacred store of holy Babylon, and Zeugma the ford of Roman Peace; how sweet the groves of blooming Edom; where the costly scarlet of Tyre; and with what dye the purple glows when it is dipped once and again in the vats of Sidon; and where the fertile rods that first from their bud exude the bright spikenard; while I recount what burial I have granted to the vanquished Argives, and what issue closes my laboured tale of Thebes.

III *Summa Deum, Pietas*

The poet consoles Claudius Etruscus on the death of his aged father.

DUTY, greatest of gods, whose deity, best-beloved of heaven, looks but seldom upon this debased earth,—hither with the fillets on thy brow, hither in

the glory of white robes, even as when, ere the sins of the guilty had driven thee forth, thou still didst dwell, a mighty goddess, among innocent nations and the realms of gold,—come hither to these peaceful obsequies! Behold the dutiful sorrow of Etruscus, commend his eyes and wipe the tears from them. Who, that saw him breaking his heart with insatiable sorrow, clasping the bier and bending over the funeral fire, who would not think that it was a young wife's death he bewailed, or that a son's face just budding with manhood was the prey of yonder pyre? Nay, he weeps a father dead. Come gods and men to our rites. Begone, ye guilty: begone, ye whose hearts harbour some secret sin; if any counts his weary father's old age too long; if conscience speaks to any that he has ever[1] struck his mother, so that he dreads the judgement-urn of grim Aeacus below. The innocent and the chaste I call. See, gently he clasps and caresses the old man's brow, bedewing those reverend grey hairs with tears, and cherishing the last cold breath. Here is a son (believe and marvel!) who thinks his father's years too soon ended, and the dark Sisters' stroke too swift.

Rejoice, ye quiet ghosts beside Lethe's wave, and let the halls of Elysium exult! Garland the shrines, and let the gay altars make glad your hueless groves. Happy is yonder shade that comes; too happy, for his son laments him. Avaunt, ye hissing Furies, and let Cerberus, the tri-formed sentinel, begone! Open

[1] Line 15. 'umquam' (M).

wide a way for the noble dead! Let him advance and approach the dread throne of the silent king, and pay his last gratitude, and earnestly entreat like years for his son.

Blessed be thou, Etruscus, for these duteous tears! We will solace so worthy a sorrow, and to thy sire, unbidden, pay the tribute of an Aonian dirge. It is for thee to lavish Eastern perfumes, to sink the princely harvests of Arabia and Cilicia on the pyre. Let the fire taste of thy rich inheritance: high on the pyre be heaped such store as burning shall send up duteous clouds to the bright sky. The gift I will bring is not destined for the flames; thy grief by my witness shall endure for years to come. Nor unknown to me is sorrow for a father dead. I, like thee, have wept outstretched before the funeral-fire. That day moves me to find song to assuage your loss; I have borne alone the plaints that now I offer to you.

Noble lineage was not thine, O tranquil sire, nor didst thou trace thy descent from forefathers of long ago; but thy high fortune ennobled thy blood, and hid the reproach of thy parents. For thy masters were not of the common herd, but men to whom East and West alike do service. Nor need such condition shame thee. For in earth and sky there is naught but is bound by law of allegiance. All things rule and are ruled in turn and in order. Each land has its king. Crowned kings own the sway of fortunate Rome: rulers are set to govern her: and over them towers the sovereignty of the gods; but even the gods bow to rule and

ordinance: in vassalage is the swift choir of the stars, in vassalage the nomad moon, nor is it without command that daylight runs his bright course so often: and—if but the gods suffer me to compare the lowly with the great—even the lord of Tiryns brooked the behests of a merciless master, and Phoebus with his flute did not blush to be a slave.

But not from a barbarous shore didst thou come over to Latium. Smyrna was thy native place: thou didst drink of the hallowed springs of Meles and the waters of Hermus, whither Lydian Bacchus resorts and renews his horn with that golden silt. Then a happy career was thine: with divers tasks in due succession thy dignity increased. It was granted to thee ever to move near to the divinity, ever to be at Caesar's side, and close to the sacred secrets of the gods. First the halls of Tiberius were opened to thee when early manhood was but just darkening thy cheeks. There it was and then—for thy worth was beyond thy years—that the boon of freedom overtook thee. And the next heir, fierce though he was, and hounded by the Furies, drove thee not away. In his train you journeyed far to the frozen North. You endured the tyrant—him of the fierce eyes and cruel speech, the terror of his people—as boldly as they who tame terrible beasts and bid them, even after they have tasted blood, release a hand when it is plunged within their jaws, and live not by rapine. But Claudius it was who for thy deserts raised thee to pre-eminent power, ere he passed, an old man, to the starry sky,

leaving thee to the service of his nephew's son. What zealous worshipper was ever suffered to serve as many temples, or as many altars as thou hast Emperors? The winged Arcadian is the messenger of Jove on high: rain-bringing Iris is the thrall of Juno: swift to obey stands Triton at Neptune's beck: thou hast duly borne the oft-changed yoke of many leaders scathless, and on every sea thy little bark has ridden safe.

And now a great light shone on thy loyal home, and in all her greatness, with steps unchecked, Fortune drew near. Now to thee alone was given the government of our holy Ruler's treasures; of the wealth all nations yield, the revenue of the big world; the output of Hiberia's treasure-pits, the glistening ore of Dalmatia's hills; all that is gathered from the harvests of Africa, all that is crushed from the threshing-floors of sultry Nile; the gleanings of divers in Eastern seas, rich flocks of Spartan Galesus; the frost of crystals, the citron-wood of Massylia, the glory of the Indian tusk:—all is the charge and care of his hands alone, all that the North and cloudy South and wild East send into our coffers: sooner might you count the drops of winter rain or the leaves of the forest. Watchful, too,[1] is he and prudent of heart; shrewdly he reasons out what sum the Roman armies in every clime, what the tribes and the temples, what the watercourses demand, what the forts that guard our havens, and the far reaching chain of roads; the gold that must gleam upon the Emperor's panelled ceilings;

[1] Lines 98–9. 'vigil idem' (Leo) 'animique sagacis' (Salmasius), 'nec secus' (Phillimore).

the lumps of ore that must be melted in the fire to counterfeit the features of the gods; the metal that must ring under the stamp of Ausonian Moneta's fire. And so was pleasure banished from thy heart and peace was seldom thine: meagre thy fare, thy attention never dulled or drowned in wine. No distaste hadst thou for ties of wedlock. It was thy pleasure with that chain to bind thy mind fast, to make an auspicious marriage, and be the father of vassals loyal to thy lord.

Who but must know the high birth and fair beauty of stately Etrusca? Though my eyes never beheld her, yet her picture shows beauty that matches her renown,[1] and like measure of comeliness in her sons reveals their mother in their features. Yes: noble was her stock; from her brother the lustre of the fasces and the curule throne was hers. He had led Ausonian swordsmen and loyally marshalled the standards of his charge, when frenzy first launched the Dacians on their savage raid and the nation was doomed to furnish forth that triumph. Thus all the shortcomings in the father's blood the mother made good, and, rejoicing in the union, the house saw its weaker side ennobled. Soon were children too vouchsafed. Twice did Lucina bring babes to the birth, and with her own fruitful hands lightly soothed the agony of travail. Happy—ah, had but length of days, had but due span of years suffered her to see the pride of youth upon the cheeks of her sons and the light in their eyes. But ere her

[1] Line 113. Or is it: 'The echo of renown gives back her splendid beauty in a true reflection' (Phillimore)?

prime had fled, the thread of her joy was snapped and broken, and Atropos forcefully shattered the blooming life: even as lilies droop their wan heads, and glowing roses wither at the first sirocco, or in the fresh meadows the purples of spring die away. About the bier fluttered the arrow-bearing Loves and anointed the fagots with their mother's perfumes. They ceased not to fling upon it locks of their hair and feathers from their wings: their heaped-up quivers made the pyre.—Ah, what offerings and what sighs, Etruscus, would you have rendered to your mother's grave, when you reckon your father's death untimely and lovingly bewail his years.

He who to-day moves with a nod the heights of heaven, who of his noble sons has granted one to earth and one to the stars, gladly gave your father the glory of a triumph over Edom; for, counting him worthy of the rank and renown of the procession of victory, he forbade not the ceremonial; parents of low degree seemed to him no bar. Yet again from among the people into the seats of the knights he withdrew him, and ennobled his stock, struck off from his left hand the iron ring of humiliation and raised him to the high degree of his sons. Prosperously now for twice eight lustres his life glided by: his course ran without a cloud. How lavish in the service of his sons, how ready to resign all his substance, the splendour that princely Etruscus has ever practised since that day bears witness; thy fatherly fondness taught him noble bearing: with caresses that could not bear a parting thou didst cherish

him yearningly with nothing of a father's sternness: even his brother was more eager for his fame than for his own, and rejoiced to give place to him.

Great sovereign, what gratitude for their father's second birth, and what loyal vows these young men, thy vassals, render to thee! Thou assuredly,—whether it was Age that erred, outworn with service and wasted with decay, or whether Fortune, so long his friend, now had a fancy to retire,—thou, when the old man was astounded and dreaded that thy lightnings would consume him, wast content to admonish him with thy thunder alone and a bolt that destroyed not. So when the partner of his trouble was banished far from Italian soil across the rude sea, Etruscus was bidden to depart to the mild Campanian coast, and the hills of Diomedes,—no exile there, but a guest. And soon, Germanicus, thou didst open to him once more the gates of Romulus, solacing his sorrow and upraising his fallen fortunes. What wonder? This is that clemency, gentle ruler, that bestowed upon the conquered Chatti so merciful a charter, and gave back to the Dacians their fastness: that but now, when the grisly war was over, disdained that Latium should triumph over the Marcomani and the nomad Sauromates.

Now his sun is setting: the remorseless thread fails. And sorrowful Etruscus out of his love asks me for a sweeter dirge than ever was echoed by Sicilian crags, or chanted by the bride of savage Tereus, or swan that knows its death at hand. Alas!—for I saw him—his arms were weary with beating his breast:

he laid his face prone upon his father's kiss. Scarce could friend or slave restrain him, scarce the towering pyre daunt him. Even so upon Sunium's crags[1] did Theseus make lament, when by his false sails he had beguiled Aegeus to his death. Anon with stains of mourning on his face and agony in his cry he greeted the burning corse: '*Father, true heart, why forsake us at the return of prosperity? But yesterday we appeased our great Ruler's godhead and Heaven's shortlived wrath; yet thou reapest not thy fruits, but robbed of the joy of this princely bounty passest, ungrateful, into the silence. And may we not melt the Fates or appease the angry powers of baleful Lethe? Happy he, for whom, as he bore his father on his stalwart shoulders, the Grecian flames were awed and opened out a path! and he, the beardless Scipio, who from the savage Poeni rescued his sire; and happy Lausus the Tuscan for his daring and his love! Is* this *then, the ordinance of Heaven? Could the wife of that Thessalian king give her life for his; could the Thracian, by his entreaties, soften the obdurate Styx; and were there not a stronger claim to save a father? Yet thou shalt not wholly be taken; I will not banish thy ashes afar: here, here under my own roof-tree I still will keep thy spirit. Thou art the warden and lord of the home: to thee all that is thine shall do homage. I will ever be second to thee, as is meet, and serve thee. Without ceasing*

[1] Lines 179–80. It might be better to keep 'periuria' (M) and read '*tempore* quo' for the 'litore qui' of $\mathfrak{T}$. The 'qui' is intolerably weak. The name *Theseus* may have been interpolated: *an* 'Piraea regressus Litora qui' &c.?

I will offer meat-offering and drink-offering to thy shade and worship thine image. Now in the gleaming marble, now in the lines of cunning paintings thy likeness shall return to me: now Indian ivory[1] *and tawny gold shall express thy features: and in the picture I shall read the path of duty and the lesson of long life; and words of love and dreams of guidance.*'

He ceased: with gladness and joy his father heard him. Slowly he passed down to the remorseless shades and bore the message to tell his beloved Etrusca. Hail for the last time, O aged father, and for the last time farewell! Farewell, O gentle heart, who, while thy son lives, shall never know the gloom of the pit and the sorrow of a forgotten grave. Thy altars shall ever be fresh with fragrant flowers; Assyrian perfumes and tears, a truer tribute, thy happy urn shall ever drink. Thy son shall pay to thy spirit auspicious sacrifice, and of thine own soil build thee a barrow. My song, too, which by his example he has earned, he consecrates to thee, rejoicing with this burying place to endue thy dust.

IV *Ite, comae, facilemque*

The dedication of the lock to Aesculapius.[2]

SPEED, tresses, speed: and smooth be your passage over the sea, as softly ye lie on the garlanded gold. Speed! for gentle Cytherea shall grant

[1] Line 202. 'Indum ebur' (Garrod).

[2] 'Le plus grand mérite de cette silve est le style. Encore y

you fair voyaging. She shall still the winds and haply take you from the fearful bark and waft you overseas in her own shell.

Honoured are these tresses, the gift of Caesar's favourite. Take them, son of Phoebus, take them with joy and show them to thy father ever-young. Let him match with Bacchus their bright lustre and long account them his brother's locks. Perchance of his grace he will cut off one of his own immortal tresses and set it for thee in another coffer of gold.

More blessed by far art thou, Pergamus, than pine-clad Ida, though Ida exult in the cloud wherein Jove's favourite was snatched away.[1] Why, Ida gave to the gods him on whom Juno never looks but with a frown, and shrinks from his hand and refuses the nectar; thou art beloved of heaven and renowned for thy fair fosterling. Thou hast sent to Latium a cupbearer on whom our Roman Jove and Roman Juno both look with kindly brows and both approve.

Not without the will of the gods above was such joy granted to the mighty lord of earth. They say that as golden Venus drawn by her gentle swans was journeying from the peaks of Eryx to the woods of

trouverait-on beaucoup á redire. J'y cherche en vain la propriété d'expression, le tour naturel des poëtes du siècle d'Auguste, même de ceux chez qui ce tour est mêlé d'un peu de manière,' &c. —Nisard.

[1] Line 13. Stephens finds in the phrase an echo of *Thebaid*, i. 551 'Amisso enim domino—"canes umbramque petunt et nubila latrant".'

Idaly, she entered the halls of Pergamus, where the staunch helper of the sick, he who stays the swift-ebbing fates, the kindly god, broods over his health-giving snake. There, even in front of the god's altars she marked a child at play, fair as a star, with wondrous comeliness. She was duped for a moment by the form that flashed upon her and thought him one of her own Cupids: but he had no bow, nor any shadowy wings upon his shining shoulders. In wonder at his boyish beauty she gazed upon his curly brow and said: '*Shalt thou go to towered Rome? Shall Venus slight thee and let thee bear with a mean dwelling and the yoke of common slavery? Not so. I, even I, will find for thy beauty the master it deserves. Come now with me, come, child, and in my swift car I will bear thee through the sky to be a glorious gift to a king. No mean thraldom shall await thee. Thou art destined to be the favourite of the palace. Never, never, in all the world have I beheld or bred so fair a child. Endymion and Atys, unchallenged, will yield to thee, and he who died for fruitless love of a fountain-shadow. The Nymph of the blue waters had chosen thee before Hylas, and more resolutely seized thine urn and drawn thee to her. Child, thou dost surpass all: only he, to whom I will give thee, is comelier.*'

So spoke Venus—and raising him with her own hands through the buxom air, bade him sit in her swan-drawn car. Forthwith they came to the hills of Latium, and to the home of old-world Evander, which renowned Germanicus, lord of the world, now

adorns with new palaces and makes fair as the stars on high. Then 'twas the goddess's first thought to see, what tiring best became his locks, what raiment was fittest to make the roses burn on his cheeks, what golden ornaments were worthy of his hands and of his neck. She knew our Master's piercing eye. She had herself with bounteous hand bestowed on him his bride and knitted the bond. So cunningly she decked those locks, so shrewdly unfolded that Tyrian purple, and gave him the radiance of her own light;—the troops of slaves and the favourites of other days gave way forthwith. He it is who now pours out the first cup of our great ruler, and in hands fairer than the crystal bears goblets of crystal and of ponderous fluor spar: so that the wine tastes sweeter.

Boy, thou art beloved of heaven, in that thou art chosen to sip first of the Emperor's nectar and to touch so often the strong right hand that Getae and Persians, Armenians and Indians are fain to kiss; born under a gracious star art thou and abundantly blessed by the grace of the gods. Once, that the first down might not mar the bloom upon thy cheeks, or that fair face be darkened, the god of thy native land came from lofty Pergamus over the seas. None other was suffered to take away thy manhood, but only the son of Phoebus, he of the gentle hand and quiet skill, with never a wound and without pain unsexed thee. Yet, even so, care-stricken and affrighted was Cytherea, fearing pain for her favourite. That was before the splendid mercy of our ruler set to preserve all men

whole from their birth. To-day it is forbidden to change and unman our youth. Nature rejoices now to see only the sex she saw at birth, and no slave-mother any longer fears, by reason of that baleful law, to bear a man child.

Thou too, hadst thou been born in a later year, wert now a man; with bearded cheeks and more virile prime thou hadst sent other gifts to the temple of Phoebus. Now to the shores of thy country the bark must bear this lock alone: our Lady of Paphos has steeped it in rich essences, and the three Graces have combed it with their young hands. To this the purple lock of mangled Nisus, and the tress that proud Achilles cherished for Spercheius will yield. When first it was resolved to rob that snow-white brow and forcefully despoil those shining shoulders, unbidden the winged boy-Loves with their mother, the Paphian queen, flew to thee, and undid thy tresses and about thee cast a robe of silk. Then with linked arrows they severed the lock and set it in the jewelled gold. Their mother herself, Cytherea, caught it as it fell and once and again anointed it with her mysterious perfumes. Anon one of the thronging Loves, who, as it befell, had brought in upturned hands a fair mirror framed in jewelled gold, cried aloud: '*Let us give this too—what gift more welcome?—to the shrines of his land, a treasure more precious than gold. Only do thou gaze upon it and leave a look for ever within.*' He ceased, and caught the boyish presentment and shut the glass.

Then the fair boy lifted up his hands to heaven and said: '*Gentle guardian of mankind, do thou (if such is my desert) vouchsafe for this gift to make our Master young again with never-passing youth and keep him safe for the world. Not I alone, but the land and sea and stars beseech thee. Grant him, I pray, as many years as the man of Ilium and he of Pylos lived. Let him see the shrine of his house and the Tarpeian temple grow old along with him, and rejoice!*' He ceased, and Pergamus marvelled that her altars rocked.

V *Quid mihi maesta die*

Statius has resolved to leave Rome and settle in his native city. He rallies his wife Claudia on her apparent reluctance to go with him.[1]

WHY are you so downcast, my wife, in the day and in the nights of our companionship? Why do you sorrow and sigh as though your trouble knew no rest? I have no fear that you have broken your

[1] 'Claudia résiste, parce qu'elle est femme, parce qu'elle aime la grande ville, le bruit des applaudissements, les couronnes aux jeux Pythiens, parce qu'elle jouit d'autant plus vivement de la gloire de son mari, qu'on dit dans le monde qu'elle n'y est pas étrangère.'—Nisard.

troth or that another love harbours in your breast. No shaft can pierce you. No, though Nemesis may frown to hear my words, that cannot be. Had I been torn from my country, and after twenty years of war and voyaging were still a wanderer, you too, a stainless Penelope, would drive from your doors a thousand suitors, and not by plotting to weave a second time a torn web, but openly and without guile, sword in hand, you would refuse to wed another. But tell me, why are your brows bent? Why that cloud upon your countenance? Is it that for weariness I am purposing to return to my Campanian home, and rest these aged limbs there upon my native soil? Why sadden at the thought? Assuredly there is no wantonness in your heart: the jousts in the entrancing Circus bewitch you not: the turmoil of the noisy theatre touches not your soul. Innocence, and sheltering peace and pure joys are yours. What are these stormy seas over which I would bear you to be my companion? Nay, for that matter even though I were journeying to set up my rest in the frozen North, or beyond the gloomy waters of Thule in the West, or the wayless sources of sevenfold Nile, you would have sped me on my path. For you, you, whom Venus of her gracious bounty wedded to me in the heyday of youth and guards for mine into old age, you, who at the first, when I was yet virgin, did with a first love fix my roving fancy,—you it is whose guidance I have welcomed with cheerful obedience: even as a steed that will know no change but keep

ever true to the master whose control he has once acknowledged. When my brow was bright with the Alban wreath and Caesar's golden chaplet was on my head, it was you who clasped me to your heart and showered breathless kisses on my laurels: it was you, when the Capitol disdained my lays, you who shared my defeat and fretted with me at the ingratitude and cruelty of Jove. You with wakeful ears snatch the first essays of my melodies and those nights of whispering: you who alone share the secret of my long, long toil, and with the years of your love my Thebaid has grown to full stature. What sorrow I read in your eyes but now, when I was wellnigh swept to Stygian darkness, when the waters of Lethe sounded in my ears hard at hand, and I saw, and seeing kept my eyes from sinking in death. Be sure it was but for pity of you that Lachesis renewed my skein outworn; the high gods feared your reproaches.[1] And, after that, do you hesitate to bear me company for a brief journey and to that desirable bay? Alas, where then is your loyalty, in many a service tried and tested, wherein you come up to the Heroines of Greece, and bygone daughters of Latium? What can hold love back? Penelope had gone rejoicing to the towers of Ilium, had not Ulysses forbidden. And sad was Aegiale and sad was Meliboea to be left behind.[2]

[1] Line 42. Or does he mean by *invidiam . . . tuam*, 'feared your frown'?

[2] Line 49. 'questa et quam.' * The allusion is plainly to Laodamia, whose passionate grief at the departure of her husband

Sad too was she whose bitter sorrow stung her to a Maenad's frenzy. Yet great are you as these wives of old to recognize allegiance and to lay down your life. Assuredly it is with loyalty such as theirs that you yearn still over those ashes and that vanished shade. So you embrace the relics of your minstrel lord and make your bosom resound with blow on blow of sorrow even now that you are mine. Nor less is your loyal care for your daughter. As a mother, you love as warmly: your daughter is never far from your thoughts: night and day her image lives in your inmost heart. Alcyone of Trachis cherishes not her fledglings so tenderly: nor Philomela, that in spring hovers yearningly about her nest and breathes her own warm life into her young. And yet in that now she sits[1] alone and unmated in her bower, she is letting the spring of her bright youth pass fruitlessly away. But the day will come: the torches of consummation will be kindled: the bridal will dawn. Assuredly a face so fair, a heart so sweet, deserve true lover. Whether she clasps and strikes the lute, or whether with the voice her father loved she wakes

to the wars suggests the comparison to a Maenad; so in the twenty-second book of the *Iliad*, when Andromache is beside herself with fear for Hector's safety—

> ὣς φαμένη μεγάροιο διέσσυτο μαινάδι ἴσῃ,
> πάλλομένη κραδίην.—ll. 460–1.

Ariadne's case was very different, and a reference to her in this context would be infelicitous.

[1] Line 60. 'et nunc illa sedet.'*

strains worthy for the Muses to rehearse and shapes my songs, or whether in swift movement her snow-white arms part and sway: her innocence is sweeter than her art, her maidenly reserve outdoes her cunning skill. Surely the lithe Loves and Cytherea will blush that such beauty should be mateless. But it is not Rome alone that is rich in gift of marriage rites and in kindling the nuptial torch. In my country too will suitors be found. The Vesuvian peak, the tempest of fire from that ominous height, have not so utterly cowed and drained our cities of men. They still stand strong in their sons. Westward the halls of Dicarcheus that arose at Phoebus' ordinance, the haven and the shore that welcomes all the world: northward the towers that rival the expanse of imperial Rome, the towers that Capys filled with his Teucrian pilgrims. And there too is our own Parthenope, that can scarce shelter her own people, and has scant room for settlers. Parthenope who came over the sea, and Apollo himself sent the Dionaean dove to guide her to a rich soil.

This is the home to which I would have you pass.—Not savage Thrace nor Libya gave me birth:—mild is the winter and cool the summer that rule the land: and soft the seas that with sluggish waves wash our shores. Peace with never a care is in our coasts, the calm of an untroubled life, unruffled ease, and sleep unbroken. No turmoil in our courts, no laws, sword-like, unsheathed to strike: our statutes spring from the heart of our people; Right rules alone without

rods or axes. And need I now praise the gorgeous scenes and decorations of that country; the temples, the squares disposed in endless porticoes; the twin massy theatres, this roofed, that open to the sky; or the quinquennial contests that rival the Capitoline festival; the shore, the freedom of Menander, in which the staidness of Rome mingles with the recklessness of Greece? All phases of life yield their delights on every hand, whether it be your pleasure to repair to steaming Baiae's alluring beach, or to the haunted shrine of the inspired Sibyl. The cape that bears upon it for monument the Trojan's oar: or the flowing vineyards of Bacchus-haunted Gaurus and the homes of the Teleboae, where the Pharus, to guide anxious mariners, uplifts a beacon bright as the nomad Queen of night; or to those Surrentine ridges, dear to sturdy Lyaeus, that Pollius, my friend, honours above all with his dwelling place; to the healing waters of Inarime[1] or to Stabiae reborn. Must I rehearse to you the thousand charms of my country? No, it is enough, my wife, enough to say: '*This is the land that bore me for thee, and bound me to thee for many a year. Surely it is worthy, then, to be mother and foster-mother to us both?*' But it were ingratitude to add reason to reason, and to doubt your heart. Dearest, you will come with me, aye or e'en go before. Without me Tiber, king of Rivers, and the halls of armed Quirinus will have no charms for you.

[1] Line 104. 'Inarimesque' (Unger).

Book IV

I *Laeta bis octonis*

Statius celebrates Domitian's seventeenth consulship.

WITH happy omens doth our Emperor, the conqueror of Germany, add yet again the purple unto his eight consulships twice told and inaugurates once again a glorious year. With the new sun he rises and with the great lights, more radiant still than they and mightier than the Morning Star in the East. Joy to the laws of Latium, joy to the chairs of state! Let Rome more proudly lift her seven hills heavenwards, and beyond the rest let Evander's mount exult. Again the rods,[1] again the twelve axes have scaled the Palatine and broken Caesar's rest. The Senate rejoice that their prayer has been heard and that they have overcome their Ruler's modesty. Even Janus himself, the almighty renewer of the dateless years, lifts up his head and from both his thresholds gives thanks; Janus, whom thou hast fastened in bonds of peace (Peace his neighbour) and bidden him lull all wars to rest and swear allegiance to the statutes of the new forum. From both his gates he uplifts hands of entreaty and with twofold voice he cries: '*All hail, great father of the world, who makest ready with me to renew the ages; fain would thy city ever*

[1] Lines 8, 9. 'fasces Et r. b. s. honos,' &c. (edd. vett.).

behold thee thus in my month; thus it is meet that the years should begin their march, and fresh aeons make their entry. Grant to our records this bliss continually. Let thy shoulders many a time be robed in the purple folds and the trappings wrought in haste for thee by thine own Minerva's hands. Seest thou, how the temples break into a new and strange radiance; how the fire leaps higher on the altars; how even my mid-winter stars grow warm in honour of thee and thy haviour?[1] *Knights and commons and purple senators rejoice, and every office draws a lustre from the sunshine of thy consulate. Tell me, was there a magic such as this in the year just past? Speak, royal Rome, and do thou, age-long Time, review our records with me. Rehearse not petty histories, but theirs only whom our Caesar may deign to surpass. Thrice and ten times in the gliding years did Augustus wield the axes, but he entered late on his career of service: thou in early manhood hast outstripped thy forefathers. And how oft thou dost refuse, how oft forbid the proffer! Yet wilt thou yield, and to the suppliant senate promise many a return of the day. The long tale is still to tell. Thrice, yea, and four times as oft shall Rome be blessed in granting thee this office. Thou and I will inaugurate yet another Aeon; thou shalt reconsecrate the altar of the aged sire. Only accept the triumph, and a thousand trophies shall be thine. Still is Bactra, still is Babylon to be yoked with fresh tribute; no laurels are yet won from India to lay in the lap of Jove: not yet are the Seres, and not yet*

[1] Lines 24, 25. The lines are punctuated thus by Dr. Postgate.

the Arabs thy suppliants: not yet hath the whole year its guerdon: ten months still yearn for a title from thee.'

Thus Janus, and willingly closed his gates and was gone. Then all the gods opened their portals and gave signs and tokens in the glad sky: and royal Jupiter confirmed to thee, sire, enduring youth and years as many as his own.

II *Regia Sidoniae convivia*

Statius banquets with his Lord God the Emperor.

THE royal feast of Sidonian Dido is sung by him who brought the great Aeneas to the Laurentine fields; the banquet of Alcinous is celebrated in deathless verse by him who sang the return over the broad seas of Ulysses outworn: but I,—to whom Caesar has even now for the first time granted to enjoy the bliss of that holy banquet, and to rise up from an Emperor's table,—how shall I sound my vows upon the lyre; how avail to pay my thanks? Nay, though my brow be bound and blessed with the fragrant bays of Smyrna and of Mantua, not even so shall my strains be worthy. I seemed to be feasting in the heart of heaven with Jove, taking from the Trojan's hand immortal wine. Barren are the years of my past. This is the beginning of my days, this the threshold of life. Ruler of the world, great father of the conquered globe, hope of mankind, darling of the gods, can it be that I behold thee as

I recline? Is it *thou*? And dost thou suffer me to see thy face, thy face hard by at the board over the wine, and must I not rise up to do thee homage?

Noble is the hall and spacious, not glorified with a hundred columns, but with so many as might bear up the gods in heaven, were Atlas discharged. The neighbouring palace of the Thunderer is amazed at thine. The gods rejoice that thou hast thy home in as fair a seat as their own. Hasten not to ascend to the great sky. So spacious is the pile; more enlarged than the plain is the career of thy vast hall, clasping and closing within it wide space of sky, unsurpassed save by its lord. He fills the place; and his mighty presence makes its delight. There, as in rivalry, gleams the marble of Libya and of Ilium; resting upon syenite[1] are slabs of Chian and blocks of sea-grey stone: and Luna is there, pressed into the service only to support the columns. So high the vault above, the weary sight can scarce strain to the roof: you might think it the ceiling of the golden heavens. Such was the palace wherein Caesar bade the nobles of the stock of Romulus and the knights in their array take their places together at a thousand tables for the feast: and Ceres in person with robes upgirt and Bacchus toiled in their service. Amid such plenty glided of old the wheels of heaven-born Triptolemus: so bountifully did Lyaeus overshadow bare hills and temperate fields with the cluster-laden vine.

[1] Line 27. 'nitent; *effulta* syene.'* Cf. *Thebaid*, i. 145 '*montibus* aut alte Grais *effulta nitebant* Atria'; and *S.* III. i. 5.

But not upon the feast, not upon the slabs of Moorish citron-wood set on pillars of ivory, not upon the long array of henchmen,—on him, on him alone had I eyes to gaze. Calm was his countenance; with a quiet majesty he tempered the brightness and gently abated the blazoned pomp of his grandeur: yet the radiance he sought to hide shone out upon his brow. Even the barbarian foeman and nations that knew him not might in such splendour have recognized their monarch. Even so, when he has stabled his steeds, Gradivus reclines in Rhodope's chill valleys; so Pollux resting from the lists at Therapnae lays down his glistening limbs; so Euhan on the banks of Ganges amid the wild ecstasy of his Indians; so grim Alcides returning from his perilous labours rejoiced to rest his bulk upon the lion-skin. 'Tis not enough: these words, Sire, paint not thy looks. Nay, but when the king of heaven comes to the ends of the Ocean, and feasts with the Ethiopians, with overflowing ooze of hallowed nectar on his countenance, it is in such guise he bids the Muses rehearse their mystic song, and Phoebus acclaim the triumph of Pallene.

Oh, may the gods, that often listen, men say, attentively to the entreaties of the humble, grant thee, I pray, to outlast twice and three times thy aged father's span of years. Unassailable be the gods you have sent to the skies. Bestow shrines: but inhabit still a home on earth! Often mayst thou open the temple gates to a new year and greet Janus with new lictors: often

with garlanded victims renew the quinquennial rites! When thou didst bid me to the bright feast and hallowed joy of thy board, then after many a year such a light shone upon me as long ago beneath the hills of Trojan Alba, when I sang, now of the Dacian fray and now of the battles on the Rhine, and thy hands set upon my head the golden crown of Pallas.

III *Quis duri silicis*

The Emperor's road.

WHAT means the clash of stubborn flint and ponderous steel that fills the stony Appian where it neighbours the sea? Not from Libyan hordes, I know, comes the turmoil. No alien chief, whose warfare keeps faith with no man, is restlessly harrying the Campanian lands; nor is a Nero bridling the rapids, hewing down hills, and filling up discoloured marshes. He who with courts of law and justice has encircled the warlike threshold of Janus; he who to chaste Ceres gives back her long lost fields and temperate acres; he who suffers not men to be unsexed; the censor who will not have grown youths stand in dread of punishment for their comeliness; he who restores the Thunderer to his Capitol and makes Peace dwell in her own shrine; he who consecrates a temple to his father's race and hallows the Flavian[1]

[1] Line 19. I read *clavum*. Such passages, however, as V. i. 241, and Martial ix. 1. 10 (on the dedication of this temple) 'invicta quidquid condidit manus, caeli est',—point rather to *caelum*, the conjecture of Turnebus.

sway;—this is his handiwork. In anger at the roads that delayed his people and the plains that checked their goings to and fro, he puts an end to the long circuits of old, re-lays the track and makes firm the heavy sand. It is his pleasure to bring the home of the Euboic Sibyl, the Gauran bay, and sultry Baiae nearer to the Seven Hills.

Here of old the traveller, moving slow in his carriage, with one wheel foundered[1], hung and swung in balanced torture, while the churlish soil swallowed his wheels, and in mid land the Latins shuddered at the ills of sea-voyaging. No swift journeying was theirs: while the suppressed ruts clogged and checked their going, and the tired nags, fretting at their burden, under the high yoke crawled upon their way. But now what was a whole day's journey is become scarce two hours' travel. No barque, no straining bird of the air will make better speed.

The first task was to prepare the furrow, to open a track and with deep digging hollow out the earth; the next in other wise to re-fill the caverned trench, and prepare a lap on which the convex surface of the road might be erected, lest the ground should sink or the spiteful earth yield an unstable bed for the deep-set blocks: then, with close-knit revetments on this side and on that, and with many a brace, to gird the road. What a multitude of hands wrought together at the work! These felled the forest and stripped the hills; those made smooth the beams

[1] Line 27. See note on p. 211.

and the rocks with steel: these bound the stones together and wove fast the work with baked bricks and dingy pumice; others with might and main dried the thirsty pools and drained off afar the lesser rivulets. Such toilers might have hollowed Athos and shut in sad Helle's moaning flood with a bridge not of boats. It had been short work for them—did not heaven warn them from the way—to make Ino's Isthmus unite, not part, two seas.

Shores and nodding woods are all astir, and far through the heart of the cities resounds the crash; the echo, breaking on this side and on that, is tossed from vine-clad Massicus to Gaurus. Peaceful Cyme marvels at the tumult; sluggish Savo and the marshes of Liternum are amazed.

Soon Vulturnus with yellow locks, and far-streaming ooze of moisture on his sedge-crowned heads, arose and leant on the vast span of the Emperor's bridge. Hoarse from his lips surged a cry: '*Hail, kind founder of my lands, how hast thou curbed, within the straight course thou enjoinest, me, who overflowed of old the pathless valleys and knew nor bank nor bound? Now I, that was so grim and terrible, and aforetime scarce brooked the hesitating barques, bear to-day a bridge and am become a thoroughfare. The flood that was wont to rend the land and whirl the forest (ah, shame!) is henceforth but a river. Yet am I grateful: the reward is worth the thraldom; for it is at thy bidding, and under thy rule that I have yielded; and men will read of thee as my strong disposer and lord for ever of my banks.*

And now thou honourest me with a sumptuous dyke and sufferest me not to go neglected, but dost banish afar barren soil and foul reproach, that my stream may not be defiled with dust or charged with mud, when I am lost[1] *in the depths of the Tyrrhene sea—such is Cinyphian Bagrada that between his silent banks goes winding through the fields of Carthage;—nay, but so clear shall be my hurrying waters, that their pure flood shall rival the still sea, and challenge the stream of neighbouring Liris.*'

So said the River: and ere he ended, a long reach of marble roadway had arisen. For gateway at its fair threshold stood an arch that shone with the trophies of our warrior Lord and all the wealth of Ligurian mines, huge as the rainbow that spans the cloudy sky. Thereunder swiftly the traveller turns, leaving Appia to sigh that she is flouted. Swifter forthwith and more eager is the journeying; forthwith even the horses delight in the speed, as when the arms of the rowers tire and the breezes first begin to fan the sails. Come therefore all ye that under the Eastern skies keep true fealty and allegiance to the Roman Father: come, for the path is easy, and resort to us! Come fast you Eastern laurels! No bar is there to your desire, nought to delay. Whoso at daybreak leaves the Tiber may sail the Lucrine at nightfall.

[1] Line 89. '*obruat*' (ϛ). Dr. Stange's conjecture '*abnuat* is very tempting here, 'lest I be rejected by,' &c. *Obruat* is somewhat pointless, and M's reading, which Stange defends, is unintelligible.

Hist! Who is this that I descry at the far limits of the new way, where Apollo points out old-world Cumae? White is her hair and white her snood. Is my sight duped? Or is it the laurel-crowned Sibyl of Chalcis who is even now approaching from her hallowed cave? Yield we, my lyre! Let thy notes be hushed: a holier minstrel is lifting up her voice: we must silence our strains. See how[1] her neck sways: see how she revels far and wide over the new-built track; her presence fills the road. Then thus with maiden lips she speaks: '*Did I not say, River and Plains, be patient, for by heaven's grace there will surely come one that with a road and lofty bridges will make easy to the traveller rank woodland and quaking sand? Behold the god! He it is whom Jupiter commands to rule as his vice-gerent over the happy world. No worthier Sovereign has taken up the sway, since under my guidance Aeneas, in his eager quest for the future, threaded the prophetic woods of Avernus and then went his way. He is a friend to peace: he is terrible in battle; yes, and he is kinder and mightier than Nature. Were he lord of the starry sky, India would be watered with bountiful showers, there would be bubbling springs in Libya, and summer warmth on Haemus.*

Hail, lord of men and father of gods to be, whose godhead I foresaw and founded. No longer seek out my words with the appointed litanies of the Fifteen and pore over them in the mouldering scroll: nay, that thou mayest have help[2]*, listen to my song as I stand revealed;*

[1] Line 121. 'en! ut.' *

[2] Line 144. 'ut iuveris.' *

I have seen the linked years of service that the shining Sisters are weaving for thee: great is the tale of centuries that awaits thee: beyond the span of thy sons and thy sons' sons shalt thou wear thy youth unbroken; to the peaceful eld that Nestor, so men say, attained, to the years that hoary Tithonus reckoned, and that I asked of my Delian lover. Already the snowy North has sworn allegiance to thee; soon the East shall yield a noble triumph. By the path of Euhan and errant Hercules thou shalt ascend beyond the stars and the flaming sun, past source of Nile and snows of Atlas; rejoicing in every meed of renown, thou shalt disdain the laurel[1] *and the car. As long as the altar-fire of Troy endures and the Tarpeian Sire still thunders in his re-born temple; aye, until this road comes to be older*[2] *than the time-worn Appian and sees thee still sovereign over all the world.'*

IV *Curre per Euboicos*

The poet writes to his friend Marcellus, bidding him make holiday in summer.

SWIFTLY, my Letter, you must cross the Euboic plains and linger not. Set forth upon your way where now the far-famed Appia shoots out into a new road and a firm bank keeps fast the quaking sand. Then when you have come hot-foot to the towers of Romulus, hasten to the right shore of tawny Tiber,

[1] Line 159. 'frondes.'*

[2] Line 163. 'senescat' (M).

where Sea-fight Lake is shut fast behind the Tuscan ridge and city parks fringe the stream. There you will see Marcellus, pre-eminent in looks and gallantry. By his lofty stature you will know him. First give him in prose the greeting of every day. Then forget not to repeat this message in metre. '*Now spring with its showers is past, and, passing, frees earth and the whirling sky. The snarling dogstar*[1] *makes the heavens burn: thinned now are the throngs in towered Rome. Some in hallowed Praeneste and some in Diana's cool boskage take shelter; these upon shaggy Algidus and those in bowered Tusculum, while others court the cool freshness of Anio and Tibur's woods. What more temperate land steals you now away from the roar of Rome? Under what sky are you baffling the summer sun? And what of Gallus, my friend too, but most chiefly yours beyond all others?—and who shall decide whether for worth or for wit to praise him most?—Is he spending the summer on the Latian coast, or returns he to the towers of quarried Luna and his Tuscan home? If he is nigh and at your side, my name, I know, is not far from your discourse. Yes, that is why both my ears are ringing. Now, while in wanton Hyperion's grip burns the glowering lion's mane, you too must banish care from your breast and steal away from unremitting toil. Even the Parthian unbends his bow and hides his murderous quiver. The charioteer bathes in Alpheus the steeds that have sweated in the lists at Elis. My lyre, too, is faint and I unstring it. For strength finds*

[1] Line 13. See note on I. iii. 5 (p. 208).

*spur and sustenance in timely rest, and valour rises more valorous from repose. So from singing of Briseis Achilles came forth deadlier to battle, and laid aside the lute to burst upon Hector. You, too, by a brief spell of ease, will secretly be kindled to fresh fire and go forth exultant to your wonted task. Assuredly the fray of Law is not raging now; it is a sluggish and a tranquil time; the return of the harvest-tide has emptied the courts. The accused are not now crowding your halls: your clients are not now entreating you with cries to come forth. The spear is at rest, the emblem of the Hundred, before whom your eloquence rings conspicuous, already of a high renown beyond your years. Happy are you in your pursuits, for neither the garlands of Helicon nor the peaceful laurels from Parnassus' peak delight you. Your wits are strong, your spirit, braced for high employ, is patient of success and failure alike. We the while solace our leisured life with song: the windy joys of fame are our ambition. And so, lured by the desire of sleep to this voluptuous shore, where in an Ausonian haven Parthenope, the stranger, found shelter, see, with feeble hands I strike upon my puny lyre. For sitting here at the threshold of Maro's shrine, I still take courage and pour forth a lay to my master's grave. But if Fate grants your life for long years to run,—and grant she must, and may it please the godhead of our lord of Latium, whom it is your study to honour above the Thunderer, and who is crowning your consulate with fresh office and charges you to restore Latina's slanting track,—*YOU, *it may be, will go forth to bridle the legions*

of Ausonia; the nations of the Rhine or the shores of gloomy Thule are your charge to guard, or else the Danube or the grim threshold of the Caspian pass. For your worth is not the power of eloquence alone. A martial frame is yours, and limbs that might with a struggle[1] *do on ponderous armour. If you should march on foot over the plain, you have a crest that will nod above them all; or if the jingling bridle be in your hands, the most fiery-tempered charger will be as meek as a bondslave to your bidding. We, with singing the deeds of others, are drifting to old age: you, a hero in battles of your own, will yourself do deeds for others to sing and set a high pattern before the boy Geta, whose warrior grandsire*[2] *is already asking of him worthy exploits and grants him knowledge of triumphs his own kindred have won. Up, boy, up! Man though thy father be, quick and overtake him, thou, as blessed in his valour as in thy mother's lineage. Even now Fame, the sorceress, in her Tyrian purple, with happy omens fosters thee for herself, and radiantly promises thee all the great offices of State.'*

This lay, Marcellus, I pen to you here on the Chalcidic shore, where Vesuvius jets forth 'minished fury, spouting his columned fires in rivalry with Sicily.

[1] Line 66. This seems grotesque. If for *tarde* we might conjecture *Aeacidae* * the translation would run:—'limbs that might do on the ponderous armour of Aeacides'. The breastplate of Achilles was proverbial. Cf. Juvenal, xi. 30.

[2] Lines 72–3. 'quem . . . Poscit avos praestatque' (M). For *domi* cf. e. g. Livy vi. 34. 10 'Consolans inde filiam Ambustus bonum animum habere iussit, eosdem propediem *domi visuram honores*, quos apud sororem videat'.

'Tis strange—but true. When the crops grow again, and the desolate fields are green once more, will mankind hereafter believe that cities and peoples lie imprisoned beneath, and that the fields of their forefathers perished by a like fate?[1] Even now the peak still menaces death. Far be that ruin from your beloved Teate! May such fury never possess the Marrucinian hills!

Now, if haply you would know what theme my muse assays, the Thebaid, my argosy, has weathered her Tyrian voyage and at last has furled her sails in the longed-for haven. On the peaks of Parnassus and in Helicon's groves she has flung upon the ritual fire due incense, and the entrails of a virgin heifer: now upon the tree of offerings she hangs my fillets, while about my discrowned brow a fresh chaplet twines with strange caress: now I assay to tell the tale of Troy and of great Achilles, but the archer-god bids me to another task and points to the doughtier deeds of Ausonian majesty. Thither my desire this long while beckons, only fear plucks me back. Can my shoulders bear the load? Will not my back bend beneath the ponderous burden? Tell me, Marcellus, is the task for me? Dare I trust to the perils of the Ionian a bark that has known no such formidable seas? And now farewell! Let there be no waning of your love for the poet who is bound heart and soul to you, for Tirynthius, too, stinted not his friendship.[2] So will you outstrip

[1] Lines 83–4. '*fa*to . . . *pa*ri.' * See note on p.211.

[2] Line 103. 'parcus amicitiae.' *

the fame of loyal Theseus and of him who round towered Troy dragged mangled Hector to solace his dead friend.

V *Parvi beatus ruris honoribus*

An ode to Septimius of Leptis.

HAPPY in the glory of my narrow domain, where ancient Alba worships her Teucrian gods, I salute Severus the eloquent and the brave with a greeting that is sounded on unwonted strings. At last surly Winter has been overwhelmed by the sun on high and has fled to the Parrhasian North: at last the icy gusts have melted into warm zephyrs and sunshine is upon land and sea. Spring rules everywhere: the trees are tressed with the leafage of another year: the birds sing their plaints anew and the fresh songs that in mid-winter's hush they have devised. A thrifty soil, a sleepless hearth, a roof-tree blackened with smoke of many a lamp: these are my solace, these and a wine taken from the jar almost before it has had time to ferment. Not in my fields bleat a thousand woolly flocks: nor lows the cow to her pleasant paramour. If ever I sing, it is alone, and nought but the dumb field protests against its master's voice. Yet, next to my native home, this land has my heart; here it is that the warrior-queen of battle crowned my strains with Caesar's chaplet, when with all your heart

strongly you strove to have your comrade safe from the welcome ordeal, trembling as Castor trembled at every note in the din of the Bebrycian lists. Can it be that far Leptis on the distant Syrtes is indeed your birthplace? Why, soon she will yield Indian harvests and rob fragrant Sheba of her priceless cinnamon. Who would not think that beloved Septimius had planted his baby steps on each of the seven hills of Romulus? Who would think that as a weanling child he had not drunk of Juturna's rill? Nor strange such worth: in your boyhood you knew not the waters of Africa, but sailed into Ausonian havens, and swam, our adopted kinsman, in Tiber's pools. Then among sons of the Senate, content with the narrow purple, you grew out of boyhood, by noblesse of disposition achieving boundless tasks. No trace of Carthage in your speech or in your bearing: no alien heart is yours: Italy, Italy is your motherland. Whereas in Rome and amid Roman knights are men fitted to be the foster-sons of Libya. In the hum of the courts cheerily rings out your voice: not to be bought is that eloquence; that sword sleeps in the scabbard, save when friends bid you draw. But oftener your delight is in the tranquil fields, either in the home of your father on Veientine soil, or above bowers of the Hillmen or in old-world Cures. There you shall rehearse more themes in prose: but betweenwhiles forget me not; and in those shy recesses make your coy lyre ring again.

VI *Forte remittentem curas*

Reminiscences of Vindex and his art-treasures.

ONE day as I was idly loitering at sundown in the broad Enclosure, a truant from my task, for the fit was not upon me, I was borne off to feast with generous Vindex; and still in my inmost heart lives unforgotten the memory of that night. It was not idle cheer that regaled us, dainties fetched from divers climes and vintages old as the Public Charter Chest. Wretched indeed are they whose delight is to tell the flavour of the pheasant from the crane of Thrace; what goose has the richest vitals[1]; why the Umbrian boar has less breed about him than the boar of Tuscany; and on what shore the succulent oyster finds his softest bed. The feast of reason was ours and talk from the heart of Helicon, with merry jests, that lured us to sit out the mid-winter night and banish gentle sleep from our eyes, until Castor's brother-twin peeped out from his Elysian home and Dawn mocked the feast of yesternight. Ah, honest night; and would that then as once in Tiryns two moons had been joined in one! A night to be marked with sea-pearls from Erythraean deeps; a night to treasure long and the spirit of it to live for evermore! There it was and then that I learnt so well those thousand shapes of classic ivory and bronze, and waxen forms so shrewdly counterfeited they

[1] Line 10. *An* 'Esca *fuat*?' The archaism would give a mock-oracular flavour to the sentence. In any case the problem for the gourmet is, whether the male bird or female is better eating. (Cf. Horace, *Satires*, ii. 8. 88.) Hence *magis*.

seemed upon the brink of speech. For where will you find the peer of Vindex to discern in classic work a master's hand, or to name the artist of an unsigned piece? Vindex alone can say which bronzes were fashioned with sleepless care by cunning Myro: which marble was conjured into life by the chisel of industrious Praxiteles; what ivory carving took the last touches from the man of Pisa's finger; what breathing bronze was cast by Polycletus; what line reveals even at a distance the hand of bygone Apelles? Whenever he lays down the lute, it is thus that Vindex makes holiday; this is the passion that lures him from the grottos of the Muses.

Amid his treasures, guardian and god of his temperate board, was a Hercules that with deep delight took my heart captive, and with long gazing I could not satisfy my sight, such a majesty was in the work, such a power was framed within those narrow confines: the god, the god was there! Aye, he vouchsafed himself, Lysippus, to thine eyes, a dwarf to the eye, a giant to the mind. And though that wondrous stature be confined within a foot's space, yet look the figure up and down and you will be fain to cry: '*That is the breast that crushed the ravager of Nemea; those the arms that swung the fatal club and snapped the Argo's oars!*' It is not bulk: tiny is the form that has this wizard power! What subtlety, what skill was in the cunning master's hand, that had the power as well to conceive in his mind a colossal statue as to fashion an ornament for the table. Never could the Telchines

in the caves of Ida have devised in tiny bronze so dainty a counterfeit,—no nor brawny Brontes, nor he of Lemnos, who makes radiant the gleaming armour of the gods. Nor is his presentment repulsive and unsuited to the easy moods of feasting. That is the Hercules at whom the house of frugal Molorchus marvelled; that the Tegean priestess beheld in Alea's groves; that rose from the cinders on Oeta to the sky, and sipped his nectar with joy while Juno still frowned. The very air of heartfelt jollity invites to the feast. One hand holds his brother's languorous cup, the other still grips the club. And see, a rugged seat upbears him, a rock with the Nemean lion's skin for covering.

Inspired is the work, and worthy has been its lot. Once the lord of Pella possessed it to be the worshipful deity of his joyous board, and bore it, his companion, East and West. In the hand that but now had crowned and uncrowned kings and overthrown great cities, blithely would he clasp it. From this Hercules he would seek courage for the morrow's fray: to Hercules he would tell, a conqueror ever, his gorgeous victories, whether he had won from Bromius the credit of putting the Indians in chains, or with strong spear burst the gates of Babylon, or overwhelmed in battle Pelasgian liberty and the land of Pelops. Of all the long array of his triumphs men say he sought excuse only for one—the overthrow of Thebes. And when Fate snapped the thread of achievement and the king drank the deadly wine, heavy as he was with the dark shades

of death, he was afraid at the changed countenance of the god he loved and the bronze that at that last feast broke into sweat.

Thereafter the priceless treasure fell to the Nasamonian king; aye, and Hannibal of the dread right hand, in the pride of his faithless sword poured libations to the God of Valour, who, for all that, hated a master drenched with Italian blood and menacing with fell fires the towers of Romulus; yes, hated him even when he vowed Him banquets and the bounty of Lenaeus, and sighed to follow in his accursed camp; but most when with sacrilegious flames he destroyed His own fanes, defiling hearth and shrine of innocent Saguntus and kindling in her people a noble frenzy.

Then after the passing of the Phoenician leader the princely bronze fell into no common hands. Now the trophy adorned the feasts of Sulla, accustomed as it was to enter into the homes of the great, and happy in the pedigree of its masters.

To-day,—if gods deign to read the hearts and souls of men,—though neither court nor kingly purple surround thee, yet white and stainless, lord of Tiryns, is thy master's soul. An old-world loyalty is his, a heart true for all time to friendship once vowed. Vestinus is my witness, who even in the heyday of youth yet vied with his great forefathers. It is his spirit that Vindex breathes night and day, and lives ever in the arms of that noble shade. Here then, Alcides, bravest of all gods, is welcome repose for

thee. Not on war and proud battle thou gazest but upon lyre and fillet and song-loving bays. Vindex in ceremonial lays shall tell in what strength thou didst strike terror into the halls of Ilium and of Thrace, into snowy Stymphalos and the rainy hills of Erymanthus: what manner of foeman thou wast to the owner of the Spanish herds and to the Egyptian potentate of the altar merciless; he shall tell how thou didst pierce and plunder the halls of Death, and leave the daughters of Libya and of Scythia in tears. Neither the Emperor of Macedon nor savage Hannibal nor the rude voice of savage Sulla could ever have hymned thee in such strains. Thou, assuredly, Lysippus, who didst devise the masterpiece, wouldst not have chosen to find favour in other eyes than his.

VII *Iam diu lato*

In honour of Maximus.

LONG since thou hast had thy fill, bold Erato, of the broad plain; take truce awhile now with the travail of heroes, and within narrower circles confine thy high emprise. And thou, O Pindar, prince of the lyric throng, grant me for a brief space the charter of a new measure, if in Latin numbers I have hallowed thy Thebes. It is for Maximus that I would refine my song. Now I must gather a chaplet of the virgin myrtle, and now a deeper thirst craves a purer draught. When wilt thou come back to thy loved Latium from the Dalmatian hills, where the miner

returns to the light pale from the sight of Dis and sallow as the gold that he has unearthed? See, I that am the child of a nearer clime yet linger not in slothful Baiae's languorous haven, nor with the bugler known to Hector's battles. Without thee a numbness takes my song. Even Thymbra's lord comes slower than is his wont: and lo, at the first turning-point in the race my Achilles stands still. For it is through thy faithful counsel that my *Thebaid*, kept long under the discipline of the file, now with ambitious string aspires to prove the joys of the Mantuan's fame. Still we pardon thee for lingering, inasmuch as with a goodly scion thou hast stablished thy lonely hearth. O day of gladness! we hail the advent of a second Maximus. Childlessness we must shun with every effort. Close in pursuit presses the heir with hostile vows, and (fie upon him, fie!) prays that an early death may overtake his kind friend. The childless man is laid in earth without a tear, while his greedy survivor, the usurper of the home, stands ready to pounce upon the spoils of death, counting the cost even of the funeral fire. Long live the noble babe! Be it his to tread the path open to few, that he may grow up like his sire and challenge his grandsire's doughty deeds. Thou shalt tell thy child how thou didst carry thy sword to Orient Orontes, leading the eagles of thy squadron under favour of Castor; he, how he followed Caesar's lightning course and laid upon the fugitive Sarmatae the bitter terms that they should live beneath one clime and one only. But first let him learn in boyhood

the arts whereby thou dost trace back all the world's antiquity and dost give us again the style of terse Sallust and the foster-son of the Timavus.

VIII *Pande foris superum*

Statius congratulates Menecrates on the birth of a third child.

FLING wide the gates of the gods, Parthenope, festoon the temples, and fill them with fumes of frankincense and smoke from the throbbing entrails of the sacrifice; for, behold, a third scion swells the progeny of famed Menecrates. The goodly host of thy magnates is increasing to solace thee for the havoc wrought by the fury of Vesuvius. And let not Naples alone besiege the festal altars in gratitude for this relief: the kindred haven also, and the land beloved of gentle Dicarcheus must twine chaplets for their shrines, aye, and the Surrentine shore dear to the god of the flowing bowl, the shore of the child's mother's sire, around whom his little grandsons throng: see, they are vying who shall copy his features in their own. Joy, too, to that mother's brother in the glory of his Libyan lance, and to Polla who counts these babes her own and gathers them to her gracious bosom! Blessings on thee, Menecrates, who givest so many bright hopes to thy country for her service to thee. Thrilled with the sweet turmoil is thy home in which the cry of joy has

sounded for so many heirs. Away with sullen Envy! let her begone far hence and turn elsewhere her jealous thoughts! Unto these little ones a white Fate has promised old age and a glory of longlived worth; and Apollo, their father's friend, his bays.

So the omen is fulfilled! Thou hadst by gift from the most honoured ruler of Ausonian Rome those glad privileges he grants to the fathers of three children; and now, behold, Lucina hath come thrice, and to thy loyal house returned anew. Even so, I pray, may thy house endure,—a fruitful tree and never changing since the consecration of the gift. Joy to thee, that more than once thy stock has been blessed with a man-child: but to a young father a daughter too must bring bliss,—fitter unto sons are valorous deeds, but sooner of the daughter will grandsons be born to thee,—and such a daughter as that Helen who planted baby steps between her Spartan brothers;—so fair a child and worthy even then of the lists in her mother's land; fair as the bright sky, when on a clear night two stars approach their beams and the moon shines between them.

And yet, rare friend, bitterly must I cry out upon thee; wroth too am I, as wroth as a man may be with those he loves. Was it right that only from common rumour the news of thy great joy should reach me? And when for the third time a newborn babe was wailing in thy home, came there not in haste forthwith a herald scroll to bid me heap festival-fires upon the altars, and wreathe the lyre and deck the lintel;

to bid draw forth a jar of old smoke-begrimed Alban and mark the day with song? But if, a laggard and a delayer, I chant my vows only now, thine is the guilt and thine the shame. But further press my plaint I cannot. For see, how joyously thy children cluster round about thee and shelter their sire. With such an array whom wouldst thou not vanquish? Gods of our land, whom under high omens the fleet of Abas bore over the sea to the Ausonian shore, and thou, Apollo, leader of that far-exiled folk, upon whose dove, still perched on her left shoulder, Eumelis gazes with loving worship: and thou, Ceres, our Lady of Eleusis, to whom we, thy votaries, in headlong course silently without ceasing brandish the torch: and ye, Tyndaridae, whom neither awe-inspiring Taygetus, Lycurgus' hill, nor wooded Therapnae, have worshipped more fervently; guard ye for our country this family and home. Stricken with years and divers agonies is our city: let there still be champions to help her with voice and with store, to keep her name green and to guard her. Let them learn gentleness from their gentle father, and from their grandsire splendour and bounty:—from both the love of radiant Virtue. For surely such lineage and such store vouch that the maid, when first the marriage torch is kindled, shall come a bride to a princely home, and that these boys—if but unvanquished Caesar's godhead be partial to true worth—shall tread, ere their boyhood is past, the threshold of the senate of Romulus.

IX *Est sane iocus iste*

Statius rallies his friend Grypus for sending him a book as a Christmas-box, and offers some suggestions for inexpensive presents.

A BOOK for a book! Why, Grypus, this is indeed a jest. But the jest will have a better flavour if now you make me some return. For a joke, friend Grypus, ceases to be a joke, if you carry it too far. Look you, we can sum the reckoning. My volume was as gay as purple and new parchment and a pair of bosses could make it:—it cost me a pretty penny besides my pains! Yours to me is all mouldy and moth-eaten; such dry pages as are sometimes moistened with Libyan olives, or else are charged with pepper or with incense from the Nile, or reek of anchovies from Byzantium! Even the contents are not your own wit: not the thunderous eloquence you hurled at the three courts in your prime; not your speeches to the Hundred, before Germanicus set you to direct and guide our corn ships, and to control the post on all our roads; no, but the drowsy musings of old Brutus, that you've picked up for a song,—for a clipped coin or two of his mad Majesty Caligula,—out of some poor devil of a bookseller's pack.[1] Call this a gift? Couldn't you possibly muster

[1] Line 21. The word *capsa* suggests a pedlar's pack.

a cap stitched together from the snippings of tunics? or towels, or unbleached napkins? A paper-book, or dates from Thebes, or figs from Caria? Never a roll of plums or of bullaces in a revolving case? Nor dried-up lamp-wicks? Nor leeks with their jackets off? Nor even eggs? Fine flour? Coarse meal? Never a slimy snail-shell that had been far over the Cinyphian plains? Rank lard or scraggy ham? Nor sausages? Nor stinking Wurst? Nor cheese? Nor salt? Nor fish-pickle? Nor cakes of green saltpetre? Nor raisin-wine with the grapes left in it? Or must, with the sweet lees boiled and thickened? How ungenerous to refuse me noisome tapers, a knife, a starveling notebook! Could you not send me some tinned raisins? Or a few dishes turned in the potteries of Cumae? Or just one set—truce to your fears! —one set of spotless pans and pots? But no, with your nicely calculating scales, like a fair dealer, you risk no change, but give me the same weight you got. But tell me: when I've brought you a dyspeptic greeting at peep of day, are you to give me greeting at my house in turn? Or when you've feasted me on the fat of the land, are you to expect as good a dinner back? Grypus, you have raised my choler: but farewell! only do not with your usual wit send me back again to-day[1] a gibe for a gibe.

[1] Line 55. By 'hendecasyllables' Statius appears to mean not merely verses but mocking verses such as Pollio is warned to expect in Catullus (xii. 10).

Book V

I *Si manus aut similis*

Statius consoles Abascantus for the loss of his wife Priscilla.

IF my hands had aptitude to mould effigies in wax, or upon ivory or gold to stamp a living likeness,—from such a work, Priscilla, I had imagined some welcome solace for thy lord: since surely his matchless loyalty deserves that thy features should be portrayed by the tints of an Apelles, or that the hand of a Pheidias should give thee fresh birth, and restore thee to him in his sorrow. So yearningly does he strive to rescue thy shade from the grave, so fiercely struggle against Death, wearying the efforts of artists and seeking to have thy presentment in all metals to cherish. But the beauty which dexterous hands fashion with toil, must pass away: the homage that in deathless numbers my lyre would pay to thee, O peerless lady of honoured lord, will live and never know the oblivion of decay, if but Apollo be gracious and Caesar refuse not who at Apollo's side comes ever to aid me:—no monument of thee shall be more precious.

Late is the leechcraft set on foot to help that agony of grief, for already in his gliding course another Sun is speeding on yet another year. But when the blow was fresh, and the wound raw, when the house was

darkened with lamentation, say,[1] what avenue was there, then, to the widowed husband's grief-stricken ears? Then tears and rending of robes were his only solace: then but to weary the hireling crowd, to out-sorrow sorrow, and with passionate laments to assail Fate and the gods for their injustice. Though Orpheus, whom stream and forest followed, had come to ease his sorrow, though all the Muses had attended upon their sister Calliope's son and all the prophets of Apollo and of Bacchus had surrounded the melodist, naught had strain or string, to which the gods of wan Avernus and the snake-tressed Furies hearkened, availed to soothe: so overmastering was the anguish that held sway in his stricken heart. Can it be that even now while I sing, the wound, though scarred over, still shrinks at the dirge, and the big tears of nuptial love rise and oppress his eyes? Are those lashes still wet with drops of loyal sorrow? 'Tis wondrous and yet true! Sooner (so runs the tale) did that bereaved mother on Sipylus drain dry her eyes: sooner will the dews of anguish fail Tithonis: sooner will the mother of Achilles be sated and weary with dashing her storms in sorrow upon his tomb. Honour to thy heart! Not unmarked is thy love by the god who, nigher unto us than Jove, holds the reins of the whole world and orders our going; he sees thy tears: yes, and even draws therefrom secret testimony to his chosen vice-gerent, inasmuch as thou art true to her shade, and dost honour her obsequies. Where could there be chaster passion?

[1] Line 19. 'miseram qui' (Macnaghten).

Where a love that our lord and censor could more approve?

What wonder that a lifelong Harmony knit together your hearts and coupled you fast with an unbroken tie? For though she had known an earlier bridal and espousals to another lord, yet, as if she had come to thee a maiden, with all her heart and soul she clung to thee and cherished thee: even as a lusty vine is wedded with the elm in his prime: see, the elm caresses her and intertwines his leafage with hers, and prays for a rich autumn, and rejoices when he is wreathed with the beloved clusters. Those wives are praised for lineage or for dower of loveliness who have never had the treasure of loyalty; whose dignities lack sterling honour; for thee, though thy stock was stainless and thine the grace of happy beauty for which all lovers needs must long, yet in thine own self was greater lustre, that thou knewest one love only, and in thine inmost marrow didst maintain one flame alone. Love such as thine no Phrygian marauder e'er had debauched, nor Ithacensian suitors, nor that adulterer who used his Mycenaean gold to bring dishonour on his brother's wedded wife. Though the tempter made proffer to Priscilla of Babylon's wealth, or of Lydia's massy treasure, of the royal store of Cathay or of India and Arabia, she had chosen rather in chaste penury to die unsullied and barter life for honour. Yet never puritan frown clouded her brow, nor was excess of sternness in her heart: she was simple and gay in her loyalty, and mingled modesty with grace.

But had ever doubting fear for thee beckoned her to some great hazard, blithely, to save her lord, she would have faced even an armed host or lightning bolt or jeopardy of mid-ocean. Better, that adversity never proved, Priscilla, how thou couldst turn pale for thy husband, how thou cherishedst thy troth. By a happier path, night and day a suppliant of the gods, bending the knee in entreaty at every shrine and worshipping our mighty Ruler's gentle presence, thou didst with thy vows win heaven's favour for thy lord.

Thy prayer was heard; and with favouring steps Fortune drew near. For he marked his loyal soldier's industrious retirement and stainless truth, the heart girt up for hardship, the watchful mind, the temperate strength fit to unravel high questions of state,—he saw, who knows all the secrets of his people and posts well-tried servants to keep watch over every quarter. And no wonder. He marks East and West, the doings of the South and of the wintry North, reviewing counsels of war and of peace, and searching the very hearts of men. He set his yoke upon those shoulders, and laid on Abascantus a heavy burden, a charge wellnigh past handling,—for in his majesty's house is none more manifold,—even to send far and wide over the great globe the hests of Rome's Ruler; to have in hand and to control all the strength of the Empire; to unfold the tale of Northern triumph; the tribute of Rhenish hosts, of the roving Euphrates and of Ister's banks of the double name; and how the ends of the earth have yielded, and Thule, round whose shores moans the

refluent wave; whether all our halberts are crowned with blithe laurels, and not a lance darkened with the pennon of disgrace; to tell, too,—if the Master divide his trusty swordsmen,—who is the man to lead a company,—a knight among the foot,—who to command a cohort; who is fit for the high rank of distinguished tribune, and who is worthier to be general of the squadrons of horse; aye, and to forecast a thousand chances;—Has the Nile flooded his fields? or Libya sweated beneath the rainy South-wind? Should I recount the full tale, not Tegea's winged lord with herald wand reports message more manifold from the stars on high, nor Juno's handmaid who swoops through the lucent air and whips her arc of gay colours round the sky; nor Fame, that, freighted with the laurels of Germanicus, outstrips the day and leaves the Arcadian lagging behind beneath the stars, and Thaumantis outpaced in mid-heaven.

What joy, Priscilla, gods and men read on thy countenance that happy day, when first thy husband was preferred to his high employ! What bliss attended that feast of thine,[1] whereat with overflowing heart thou madest eager obeisance, prostrate at the knees of the hallowed Lord himself[2] who had deserved of thee so well! Not with such rapture does the priestess exult upon the Aonian hill, to whom our father of

[1] Line 110. '*quaeque* isti gaudia cenae.' *

[2] Lines 111 sqq. 'ipsius' (as Imhof points out) belongs to 'domini'. 'Tendre épouse, ou flatteuse effrontée, Priscilla s'est roulée aux pieds de Domitien, pour le remercier d'avoir fait son mari ministre de l'intérieur.'—Nisard.

Delos has given power over the chasms of his mysterious cave: nor he on whom Bacchus bestows the honourable right to wield his chief wand and to bear the standard of his inspired band. Yet not even then did thy repose suffer change, nor was thy true heart puffed up by prosperity. Thy soul held on the same path: the heyday of fortune took not away thy meekness. Still did Priscilla anxiously cherish her careworn lord, now heartening and now guiding his labours. With her own hands she ministered the modest feast, the temperate cup, counselling him to follow in his Ruler's steps: she was like some thrifty farmer's Apulian helpmate tanned by Sabine suns, who, as the stars peep forth, sees that it is the hour for her tired husband's home-coming, and in haste makes ready board and bed and listens for the sound of his returning plough. Nay, that is but meagre praise: why, she would have borne thee company through the frozen North, on Danube bank and in wintry Sarmatia; and by the pale frosts of Rhine; no clime so sultry but she had hardened her heart to endure it with thee. If camp-law allowed, her will had been to bear the quiver and fence her flank with the shield of an Amazon, so might she but see thee in the dust-storm of battle, pressing hard upon Caesar's lightning charger, brandishing thy godlike weapons[1], sprinkled

[1] Line 133. Professor Hardie explains the difficult expression *divina tela* thus: 'The weapons of Caesar's bodyguard are his; it shares his divinity.' There seems to be an echo here of *Thebaid*, v. 441 sq.

with sweat from the great lance. Enough of gracious song! Now must I lay aside the bays of Phoebus and to sad cypress doom my brow.

Alas, what god hath knit together Greatness and Envy in unpeaceable brotherhood? By whose hest is it that these twin powers wage truceless war? Is there no house whereon Greatness hath set her mark but straightway Envy must eye it askance and with fell stroke rout its joy? Blithe and secure your home prospered. No sadness there: for, fickle though Fortune be and wanton, how could you fear her, with Caesar your staunch friend? The jealous Fates found out a way; a deadly force pierced to the loyal hearth. Even so the full vineyards are scourged by the blighting sirocco; even so bows the deep cornfield beneath the overwhelming rain; even so the jealous breeze meets the hurrying bark and breaks in storm-clouds over her swelling sails. Priscilla felt her matchless beauty wasting away by Fate's decree, as the leaves of some tall pine-tree fade,—a forest's pride,—whether Jove's deadly lightning hath touched it, or its roots are loosened, and now stripped bare it whispers not in answer to the whispering wind. Upright heart and stainless loyalty, and worship of the gods,—all were in vain. Alas! the dark snares of death compassed her about on every side: the merciless warp of the Sisters strained taut: scant threads of her span remained to run. Neither troops of slaves nor careful skill of the physicians availed to heal the sickness. Yet her attendants round about counterfeited looks of hope:

only in her husband's eyes did she remark tears. He would now vainly entreat the incorruptible waters of Lethe in the underworld; and now shed anxious tears before the altars of all the gods, anon imprint kisses on their gates and fling himself upon their thresholds; and now he would call unto great Caesar's merciful godhead. Fie upon the stern bent of Fate! Is there then aught that is forbidden unto Caesar? Ah, if thou, Father, wert all-powerful, how had the years of men's lives been prolonged! Death would be moaning, a prisoner in the blind abyss, and the idle Fates had laid far aside their threads.

And now her face fell, her eyes wavered in death's extremity: her ears were dulled, save to her husband's well-known voice. Him alone her spirit returned from the midst of death to greet: him with weak arms she straitly clasped, her poor glazed eyes turned upon him, fain to feast her sight with his dear face, rather than gaze her last upon the sun. Then, dying, to her heart's true love she spoke these words of comfort: '*Husband, in whom half my heart shall live,—and would God I might leave thee the years of which cruel Atropos is robbing me,—weep not, I pray thee: deal not harsh blows upon thy breast; torture not my shade at its passing. Though I leave my bower to sorrow inasmuch as I go first, yet is the due order kept: greater bliss has my life known than a long old age: I have seen thee now for a long while radiant with all honour: have seen thee draw nearer and nearer to the right hand of majesty. Neither the Fates, nor any of the Heavenly ones can touch thee now:*

their spite I take with me. Do thou joyfully pursue the path thou hast entered: worship still with untiring adoration that hallowed presence, that mighty power. Now I bid thee (and welcome to thee the bidding), vow to the Capitoline temple a golden statue,—in weight a full hundred,—to wear for all time the bright present-went of the Emperor's majesty, and to be a token of my true worship. So shall I not see the Furies nor evil Tartarus, but be suffered to pass, a favoured shade, into the confines of Elysium.'

So spake she, sinking, and clasped her husband, and to his lips cheerfully resigned her lingering breath and pressed his hand upon her eyes.

But his heart was fevered with passionate sorrow. He filled the widowed home with frantic cries: now he would unsheathe the sword: now hurry to a high place (scarce could his men hold him back), and now would bend him over the dead with lips pressed to hers, and fiercely give play to the passion hidden in his heart; even as that Odrysian bard, palsied to see his wife snatched from him,[1] laid down his lute dumb-struck by Strymon and, with never a song, wept over her sad grave. Yes, and he would have broken the thread of his maimed[2] life, that thou mightest not[3] pass

[1] Line 202. Barth's emendation is tempting but hardly necessary. For the use of 'segnis' Prof. Phillimore compares V. iii. 26.

[2] Line 205. 'ille etiam fractae' (Imhof).

[3] Line 206 may conceivably have inspired the fine couplet quoted by Edgar Allan Poe from Bishop Ken's verses to his dead wife:—

Stay for me there, I will not fail
To meet thee in that narrow vale!

companionless to the gloom below, but a loyalty to Rule, that claimed the wonder of our holy Emperor, and a yet greater love forbade.

Who could in worthy verse recount thy burial, the costly pomp, the grim array? There in long procession was gathered all the streaming fragrance of Arabian and Cilician spring; blossoms of Sheba, increase of India to burn on the grave; incense seized ere the temples of Palestine could claim it; Hebrew balsam and Corycian saffron and the myrrh of the daughter of Cinyras. High upon a silken bier she lay, underneath canopy of Tyrian purple. But in all that long array her husband alone drew men's eyes; on him was bent the gaze of mighty Rome, as though he was bearing his sons to burial in their prime: such sorrow was upon his brow, such a gloom in his eyes and on his dishevelled hair. '*Happy is she*,' men said, '*and by a peaceful ending freed*.' It was for her husband that they let their tears flow.

Before the gates, at the place where the mighty Appia first takes her origin, and where Cybebe for Italian Almo's sake abandons her grief and learns to forget the rivers of Ida,—this was the spot where thy peerless husband softly swathed thee in Sidonian purple and laid thee to rest, Priscilla, in a blissful grave.—Smoke of pyre and cries of farewell at the flames he could not endure.—There the long years cannot mar thee, nor the work of time waste thee; so carefully hath he guarded thy frame, such the wealth of fragrance that breathes from the worshipful marble. Anon thou art trans-

fashioned anew into divers shapes. Here thou standest a Ceres in bronze, there a radiant Ariadne, under yon cupola a Maia, and here in stone an unwanton Venus. The goddesses disdain not to wear thy comeliness. Around thee are troups of slaves, wont to obey; and duly couch and board are made ready without ceasing. Who could call this a gloomy grave? A home, a home is thine! Well may one cry forthwith at sight of thy husband's loyalty: '*This, this is he,—I know it,—the vice-gerent of him who even now has consecrated a holy dwelling for his eternal house, and in a fresh firmament set the stars of his kindred.*' Even so,—when from the Pharian shore some great ship shakes her steps free, and now, see! she has stretched out to starboard and to larboard her countless ropes and the broad arms of her sail-clad mast, and is already full under weigh,—over the same sea fares a tiny skiff and claims for itself a share of the illimitable South-wind.

Why dost thou still, O matchless friend, hug sorrow to thy heart without ceasing, and suffer not thy long-drawn grief to pass away? Canst thou fear that Priscilla will tremble at barking Cerberus? Nay, he has no menace for the good. Or that the Ferryman will be slow to approach, or else drive her from the ferry? Nay, he makes haste to take deserving souls across and gently places them in his hospitable skiff. Aye, and whensoever a ghost draws near that hath a true husband's blessing, Proserpine bids festal torches forth, and from their hallowed grottos calls the Heroines of old to open a path through the grim gloom

with vermeil light, and strew before that shade the blossoms of Elysium. Such was the passing of Priscilla to the underworld. There with hands of entreaty she beseeches the Fates for thee, and wins for thee grace from the Lords of dark Avernus, that thou mayst fulfil the span of mortal life, and then, an old man, leave thy Master still young, still bringing peace to the world. So prays she, and the Sisters, who cannot lie, swear to grant her vow.

II *Rura meus Tyrrhena petit*

Statius celebrates the promotion and regrets the departure from Rome of his young friend Crispinus.

TO the Tuscan fields and the glades of Tages goes my friend Crispinus,—no long visit and no solitary land. And yet my heart is torn with unspoken sorrow and from my brimming eyes start swelling tears, as though I were watching him sail away over the stormy Aegean and wearily from some high cliff following still his course and sighing that the space of air was too great for my sight.

Ah, noble boy, if you were bidden to the glorious prelude of your first battle and the alluring promise of the camp, with what tears should I pour out my joy, how closely clasp you! And can it be that you are approaching already the stern work men must

desire, when your life has run but sixteen rounds? But your spirit is stronger than that scanty span; your years bow beneath the burden; your mind is too great for them. And no wonder: not from a line of unhonoured ancestors are you sprung, scion of a plebeian stock, of obscure descent, lacking the lustre of birth; not of the blood of Knights, a new-comer to the purple, in the garb of the poor, that has thrust his way into the august abode, the sanctuary, the Senate of Latium; a long array of your forefathers has gone before you. As a noble horse, renowned for famous pedigree, draws all eyes in the lists of the Roman Circus, one whose favoured breed can show a long line of famous ancestors;—every cheer is as a spur to him: the very dust, and the rounded turning-posts rejoice to greet him in his flying career;—even so, noble boy, the Senate saw in you its very son, and, from the first, bound the senator's crescent upon your feet. Soon your shoulders knew the wonted robes of purple and the garb of greatness. What wonder, when, by high example, your father beckoned you to honours? He in his first youth attacked in battle quiver-bearing Araxes and Armenia, ill-schooled to brook a Nero's tyranny. The command of that stern warfare was with Corbulo, but even Corbulo marvelled oft in glorious battle at Bolanus, his comrade in arms and partner in toil. To Bolanus he was wont to trust his thorniest cares and share with him his fears: the hour that favoured a feint, the day for open onset: what faith seemed unfaithful: what flight of bold Armenian was

flight indeed. Bolanus must reconnoitre the perilous road; Bolanus must find the ridge that should be fit to yield secure camping-ground; Bolanus must parcel out the fields and through barrier of jealous woods and torrents open a path. He it was who fulfilled the great purposes of our noble leader and rose—he only —to his high hests. Even the land of the barbarian soon knew our hero: his was the second crest in battle, the plume at the chief's right hand. Even so were the Phrygians confounded: and though they marked the hero of Nemea, and although the bow Cleonae knew dealt havoc in their lines, yet, though Alcides was against them, they dreaded Telamon too. Boy, you need no stranger to teach you noble love of valour. Let the renown of your own house furnish you with courage. Let others learn the lesson of the Decii and the return of Camillus. Learn you of your father; mark in what might he went on his errand to that Thule which beats back the western waves and tired Hyperion[1]; with what power in his allotted year he ruled the thousand cities of mighty Asia, while civil justice tempered government. Drink in the history with attentive ears; these, these be the precepts that your kindred strive to make your own, and that comrades and the old men, his councillors, repeat to you.

Now you take your way towards another land, and make ready with eager steps to be gone, when no token of sturdy manhood has stolen yet over your cheeks, and the bent of your young life is still untried. Nor is

[1] Line 55. 'fessoque Hyperioni' (Imhof).

your father nigh: he is gone. Cruel fate, alas! hath engulfed him. He has left both his sons protectorless, e'er even he had lived to doff the purple of boyhood from your shoulders and gird you in the stainless robe. Who ever escaped taint from an unbridled youth; from the garb of manhood and manhood's freedom assumed too soon? The tree that knows not the pruning-hook runs to leafage, and exhausts its fruitfulness in shade. But love of the Muses had a home in your young heart; honour, too, and loyalty that was a law unto itself; upright you were and blithe, and calm your brow; yours was the splendour that does not trespass on excess: the love that is nicely weighed according to each degree. The fortune of your house schooled you to obey the brother who was your peer, to honour your father and forgive your unhappy mother. Had she the heart to mix for you unshrinkingly that fatal cup, that draught of death, when your voice can forestall the bite of the snake, and no stepdame but your look can melt? Fain were I to attack her ashes and with curses to invoke torment on her shade: but ah, dear heart, you cast down your eyes and would say: '*Nay, mercy to her ashes! It was ordained so; it was the anger of malignant Fate; the blame is with whatsoever power in heaven probes not till too late the hearts of humankind, and does not arrest the guilty endeavour at the very threshold ere the heart do more than design the abomination. Be that day wiped out from time! Let not after ages believe the tale! Let us at least be dumb, and suffer the sins of our own house*

to be sunk and buried deep in night. She hath atoned to him, in whose hand are all his people, by whose ordinance Loyalty is come back again and returned to earth, before whom all Guilt trembles. Enough his vengeance, aye, and matter for our tears! Nay, I would we might win for her mercy from the merciless Furies, and rescue her trembling shade from Cerberus; yes, mother, and quickly administer to thy spirit the waters of Forgetfulness.'

Honour to your young heart! Yet is her guilt the greater. Not only loyal love, but high-souled virtue have you pursued. But yesterday, when friend of yours—as it befell—was turning pale at false charge of undeserved reproach and aroused the interest of the Forum; and when the Julian edict surrounded by many a champion[1] arose and flashed its chaste lightnings; it was you, though until then a stranger to courts and iron laws—you, who had been cloistered in the silence and seclusion of the schools, who brought succour; you, who though but a recruit and weaponless, averted the fears of your quailing friend and beat off the darts of the enemy. Never did Romulus, never the aged Dardan see so young a champion in the gowned mellay, in the heart of the Forum, waging conflict. The fathers were amazed at your endeavour,[2] amazed, too, was he who a moment ago pressed so stern

[1] Line 101. '*vin*dice multo.' * Cf. *Ad Liuiam Aug. Consolatio*, line 185 'Iura silent mutaeque tacent sine vindice leges'.

[2] Line 110. Criticizing a suggestion of mine that the words 'nec te' might conceal the genitive of the proper name 'Vectius',

an indictment, and now himself the defendant he quailed, Vectius, before thy high daring. In thy body is no weakness either: quick strength for enterprise that does not fail but follows out the heart's high bidding. But yesterday I saw you with my own eyes on Tiber-bank, where the Tuscan waters seethe in the Laurentine rapids,—urging your course and with bare heel galling the flanks of your fiery steed; so menacing your mien and your hand (will you believe me!), I was amazed and thought you armed[1] indeed for conflict. Thus on his Gaetulian steed, his hands filled with Trojan shafts, went fair Ascanius a-hunting in his stepdame's land, and fired ill-starred Elissa with love for his sire: and so would Troilus sweep round in a nimbler ring and baulk the menacing chargers of the foe: or he on whom the Tyrian dames did not scowl as they watched him keeping ward over[2] the Arcadian lists upon the Theban plain. Up, then! The

Professor Hardie writes: 'I could understand "reus ipse" if the libeller had already been named, perhaps thus

stupuere patres temptamina tanta
⟨Ipse etiam stupuit tanti modo criminis auctor⟩
Conatusque tuos, Vecti,—reus ipse—timebat.

The tables are turned, and the prosecutor finds that he is being arraigned.' This reconstruction of the passage is adopted in the translation.

[1] Line 117. *Armatus* means armed 'cap à pied', and is the word regularly used to describe a horseman going into battle (cf. Lucretius v. 1297). 'Verum certamen credidi' says Stephens. The case for Markland's ingenious conjecture — 'Martem' — is vigorously but unconvincingly argued by Professor Postgate in the *Classical Review*, vol. xx, p. 323 a.

Line 123. 'servantem.' *

generous Emperor goads you on; with a light heart your brother leaves sure footprints for your vows to follow. Up, with a strong soul arise and open your mind to the gallant studies of war. Mars and the Maid of Attica shall school you in battle; Castor shall show you how to guide your steed, and Quirinus how to set arms to shoulder, for it was Quirinus who suffered you in your first boyhood to clash the bloodless bronze and the shields that fell from the clouds.

Unto what lands, then, unto which of Caesar's worlds will you go? Are you for swimming the rivers of the North and the conquered waters of the Rhine? Or will you sweat in the deserts of sultry Libya? Or harry the ridges of Pannonia and the nomad Sauromatae? Or are you for sevenfold Danube and Peuce girded with her lord's dark stream? Or will you journey to the ashes of Jerusalem and to the captive woods of Edom, planter of palms that reserve their riches for others? But if the land your great father ruled receives you, how great will be the joy of fierce Araxes! What glory will exalt the Caledonian plains! When some aged native of the defiant land shall say to you: '*Here was your father wont to give judgement: from this turf hillock to bespeak his squadrons. See you from the mound yonder castellated town?*[1] *It was his gift; he it was who drew the moat round the fortress. These are the weapons, these the gifts he consecrated—*

[1] Line 145. '*vicum* e specula.' * A reference to some such station as Borcovicus on Hadrian's wall. Cf. Livy xxxv. 21, § 10 '*Castella vicosque* eorum pervastavit'.

you can read the writing still—to the gods of battle. This is the corselet he took from a British chief and this he did on himself at the battle-call.' So when Pyrrhus prepared a war of vengeance against the Teucrians, Phoenix would rehearse Achilles to the son that knew him not.

Happy Optatus, who in pride of hale youth shalt face every march and approach the rampart, and—so the Emperor's star be gracious!—shalt thyself too be girded up for battle and be the untiring comrade of thy heart's friend, even as loyal Pylades bore him, and as the son of Menoetius fought before Troy. Such is the love, and such the harmony (long may it endure!) between thee and thy leader. But I am losing the strength of my youth. In Rome with prayer and vow I will strengthen your hearts. Alas, for if, as of old, it chance that I rehearse my plaintive song and the Senators of Rome gather to listen, Crispinus will be missing[1]; along each tier my Achilles will look for him in vain. But you, Crispinus, will return more mighty: (a Poet's promises come true) and he, who to-day throws open to you the camp and its powers, will also grant to you to hold every preferment and to be surrounded with the proud emblems and sit, like your fathers, upon the throne of office.

But how now? From Trojan Alba's lofty heights, whence our Deity upon earth looks out upon towered Rome hard by, what messenger comes here, Crispinus, outstripping rumour, and fills your home? Surely

[1] Line 162. See note on p. 212.

I was just saying: 'a Poet's auguries come true'! See, in his might Caesar unbars for you the threshold of preferment and to your hands commits the sword of Ausonia. Forward! Be strong: and rise to the height of such great favours, happy in sworn allegiance even now to our great chief, and in your keeping the imperial sword of hallowed Germanicus! No meaner lot is this than if the Lord of battles himself gave you his eagles and set his grim helmet upon your brow. Forward with a will, and learn to deserve honour yet greater!

III *Ipse malas vires*

In memory of the poet's father.

FATHER, do thou thyself, pre-eminent in scholar-craft, grant me from some fountain in Elysium sad strength and melancholy song; teach me to strike the lyre of sorrow. For without thee I scruple to meddle with the Delian cave or to arouse Cirrha according to my wont. Every strain that Apollo in the Corycian cave and Euhan on the Ismarian hills had revealed but now,—I have unlearned it. The fillets of Parnassus are banished from my brow, and I am sore afraid when into my ivy chaplet steals the sad yew, and the bays, alas! for very dread are withering. Of a surety I am he who, with soul uplifted, assayed to exalt the deeds of great-hearted princes and to keep pace in my song with their war-

fare. Who now has plunged my soul in barren lethargy? Who has darkened my Sun, passed sentence on my mind, and enshrouded it in chill gloom? Spell-bound stand the Muses round about their melodist, with never a note of gladness on their lips or their lutes. Their Leader herself bows her head in silence on her harp, as when, after the ravishing of Orpheus, she stood upon the banks of Hebrus, watching the herded beasts that hearkened not now his music was gone, and the woods once more immovable.

But whether thou art soaring to the skies from the prison-house of the body and dost review the glistening spheres and the alphabet of Nature,—what God is; whence comes Fire; what course guides the Sun; the secret of the waning moon and her resurrection from the darkness; and dost prolong the notes of renowned Aratus; or whether in the assembly of heroes and the shades of the blessed, on the secluded sward of Lethe's meadow, thy spirit attends upon Maeonides and the sage of Ascra, no worse[1] a man than they, answering them strain for strain and mingling thy melodies with theirs,—grant me, father, inspiration and a voice to utter my great sorrow. Thrice hath the moon renewed and thrice unwoven her disk in heaven, and sees me still dumb, with never a muse-melody to balm my grief. Since the glare of thy funeral-fire reddened upon my sight, and I glutted

[1] Line 26. '*Non segnior* perhaps *no less of a musician*, as in "conspecta coniuge segnis", V. i. 202' (Phillimore).

these weeping eyes with the sight of thy ashes, dimmed is the lustre of poesy. Scarce can I rouse the uttermost fringe of my heart to pay thee this tribute and shake off the dust of sloth from my secret meditations. Even now my hand fails and my eyes are wet, as I lean upon the grave in which thy sleep is soft: for in our own land thou liest, where, when Aeneas died, Ascanius of the halo[1]—in loathing for the plains so battened on Phrygian blood, his fatal stepdame's dower-realm—set Alba on the Latian hills. Here,—for sweeter to thee this than fragrance of Sicanian saffron, sweeter than though wealthy Sheba plucked for thee her rare cinnamon, or Arabia her blades of fragrance,—here to be crowned with holy offerings[2] I lay thee and bewail thee with Pierian song. Thine be this dirge, these tears and sighs of thine own son, such as seldom have been paid to fathers. Would that the wealth were mine to build to thy shade altars high as temples, and uprear a star-y-pointing pile, taller than all Cyclopean[3] towers or the aspiring Pyramids, and screen thy tomb with a great grove.

[1] Line 38. The allusion in 'stellatus' appears to be to such legends as that preserved in *Aeneid*, ii. 680 sqq. The stella or halo portended similar success in the case of Servius Tullius (Livy i. 39).

[2] Line 44. 'inferiis cumulande sacris, te' (Phillimore).

[3] Line 49. *Cyclopean.* So Professor Housman, *C. R.* xx. 46[b] 'When "Cyclopum scopuli" are set beside "saxa Pyramidum" they must signify the architecture of Tiryns and Argos and Mycenae'. 'Scopulos' he adds 'is just the word for the huge polygonal blocks of the Mycenaean masonry.'

There had I outdone the homage paid to that tomb in Sicily, ritual of forest Nemea, and worship of mangled Pelops. There no host of Greeks had stripped themselves to cleave the air with the Oebalian quoit; the fields had not been wet with the sweat of horses nor crumbling trench resounded with their flying hoofs; there had been but the votaries of Phoebus, and the leafy bays—the meed of poets—should have propitiated thy honoured shade. I myself with streaming eyes, as priest of the fabled world of ghosts and of thy soul, had rehearsed a dirge from which neither triple Cerberus nor Orphean compact could have turned thee back. Aye, as I sang thy gentleness and thy deeds, Affection it may be had deemed me the peer of mighty-mouthed Homer, and would struggle to account me the rival of immortal Maro.[1]

Hath the bereaved mother that crouches above the warm barrow of her son a better right to assail the high Gods or the remorseless Spinners: or she who gazes on the pyre of her husband, dead in his prime, and tries to fling off curbing hand and restraint of companions, fain to die—would they but suffer her—upon his funeral fire? Can haply greater bitterness spring from their grief to storm at the powers of Heaven and Hell? Can such funeral rites bring tears even to alien eyes? Ah, but not only Nature, not Duty alone have lent themselves to my sorrow to help pay thee thy rites: to me, father, it seems as though on the

[1] Line 63. 'temptet et aeterno.'* Cf. Martial xi. 52. 18 'Rura vel *aeterno* proxima Vergilio'.

first threshold of thy fate and in a hale youth thou hadst been torn away to enter the pitiless Underworld. The maid of Marathon wept as bitterly for her father Icarius slain by the guilt of those savage countrymen, as did Andromache for the hurling of her babe from the battlements of Troy. Nay, Erigone with the fatal noose put a term to her sorrow; thou, after great Hector's death, wast shamed by bondage to a Thessalian husband.

Not that tribute which the swan with foreknowledge of her doom sends before her as a death-melody to the shades; not the ominous music that the bird-maidens of the Tuscan Sea hymn to mariners from their gloomy cliff,—not these will I conjure to my father's grave. Not the sorrow and the sighing that with maimed tongue Philomela pours forth to her cruel sister:—the Poet knows such tales too well. What minstrel over the pyre has not sung every bough of the Sun's daughters and all their amber tears; the queen flint-bound in Phrygia; the melodist that contended with Apollo; the cloven boxwood wherein Pallas had no joy? Nay, let Pity that has forgotten man, and Justice recalled to heaven, and Eloquence in either tongue sing thy requiem. And with them Pallas and scholar Phoebus' songful train: they whose task it is in epic strains to lead the Aonian quire: they who to Arcadian shell attuned their lay,—lovers of the lyre and lyrists their name;[1]—they of whose sevenfold fame high Philosophy in every clime takes account;

[1] Line 94. '*cura lyrae*' (Politian).

they who with terror-striking buskin thundered the tale of the madness and the guile of kings, and of the sun turning back from the skies; they whose joy it was to refine their strength in a muse of gaiety, or of one foot to abridge the flowing epic. All measures did thy mind embrace, in all thou didst speak, ranging throughout the wide field of song: whether it was thy choice in Aonian bonds to chain thy phrase, or in untrammelled eloquence to scatter them, and rival the gushing rainstorm by the unbridled effusion of words.

Lift up thy head, Parthenope, half whelmed beneath that sudden avalanche: extricate a look from under that engulfing mass and lay it on the barrow and the corse of thy great foster-son. For never have Munychia's towers, learned Cyrene, or gallant Sparta borne his better. Hadst thou been accounted of lowly stock (forbid it, heaven!) and obscure repute, unpossessed of aught to witness thy descent, by such a citizen thou didst yet approve thyself true Greek, and from the blood of Euboic fathers sprung. So often was that brow presented for thy bays! When in noble melody he sang at the festival each fifth year brings, he outdid the eloquence of the Pylian sage and that Dulichian king, and wore both their effigies in his circlet. Not of churls' blood wast thou sprung, unhonoured, father, nor lustreless thy line, though straitened the fortune of thy house. From the ranks of the Knights,[1] Infantia

[1] Line 118. 'ex celsis' (Phillimore). Line 119. 'sumere' (Markland).

chose thee to wear according to the custom of the wealthy the purple bestowed by rank, and golden badge of nobility upon thy breast. At thy first birth the Aonian sisters smiled good success on thee, and Apollo—gracious to me even then—gave thee a lute and put to thy childish lips his hallowed waters. Nor undisputed the glory of bearing thee! two lands in conflict of debate contend which gave thee birth. Grecian Hyele claims thee by descent her own; Hyele, —newcomer among the burghs of Latium,—where the drowsy[1] helmsman, leaving the tiller unmanned, fell headlong and in the midst of the waters kept hapless vigil; but then a greater than Hyele[2] (even Parthenope), for the long tenor of thy life approves thee her own Maeonides: aye, and yet other cities hale thee to be honoured at other festivals as their son; one and all they approve thee theirs. All possessed not the true Maeonides; yet the vanquished feed upon so immensely honourable a forgery. There, in thy nascent youth and first greeting to life, thou wast hurried

[1] Line 127. Instead of 'gravidus' it might be better to read 'vidua', as in the parallel passages of the *Thebaid*, v. 13–14 and 182–5, but the change from 'gravis' to 'vidua' is a violent one. Gronovius proposed *gratus*. Mr. Garrod suggests '*se*gnis'. For 'gravidus' in the sense of 'drowsy' cf. the *Copa*, line 32:

Eia age pampinea fessus requiesce sub umbra
Et *gravidum* roseo necte caput strophio.

[2] After line 129 Markland conjectures that something has fallen out. This seems to be the true explanation of the difficulty, but as no critic has stopped the gap, I have endeavoured to make sense of the passage as it stands, assuming that Statius with filial exaggeration calls his father the Homer of his native town, and in what follows pushes the parallel further.

straightway to the quinquennial contest of thy mother-land, to which grown men were scarce adequate,—so swift thy triumph, so bold thy Muse! Those youthful songs held the Euboic[1] commons spell-bound, and fathers pointed thee out to their sons. Then many a time rose thy accents in contest and at no festival lacked they a meed of honour: not so often did Castor prevail in the foot-race and Pollux in the boxing-match, when green Therapnae made for them a close field. But if it was easy to be conqueror at home, what of the winning Achaean bays? What of the brow covered now with Apollo's laurel, now with the herb of Lerna, now with the pine of Athamas; when Victory, wearied so often for thee, yet never shrank out of reach, nor took from thee her chaplets and set them on another's brow?

Therefore fathers entrusted to thee their hopes, and under thy guidance noble youths learnt the deeds and the loyalty of the men of old; the agony of Troy, the lingering of Odysseus; the skill of Homer in telling of the chariots and the battles of heroes; the wealth that the old man of Ascra and he of Sicily brought to honest husbandmen; the law whereby in Pindar's melody cadence winds into cadence; Ibycus, suppliant of the birds; Alcman,[2] songster of grim Amyclae; gallant Stesichorus, and daring Sappho who dreaded not Leucas and the hero's leap; and all other favourites of the lute. Thou wert

[1] Line 137. 'Euboica' (Phillimore).

[2] Line 153. The Amyclaeans are 'cantores Alcmanis'.

skilled to unravel the strains of Battiades, the riddles of cramped Lycophron, Sophron the obscure, and the secret of Corinna's elegance. But why rehearse slight praise? Thou wert wont to be Homer's yoke-fellow and in flowing lines of prose to keep pace with his epic and never fail of his stride or lag behind him. What wonder that boys left their own land and came to thee from Lucania's tilth, and from the meadows of stern Daunus; from the home that Venus bewailed and the land Alcides scorned; from the Maiden [1] who on Sorrento's cliffs keeps watch over the Tyrrhene deep; from the hill that by that nearer gulf bears for token the oar and the bugle; from Cyme that welcomed long ago the Ausonian Lar [2]; from havens of Dicarcheus and beach of Baiae, where the blast of fire mingles deep down with the heart of the waters and each home keeps a hidden conflagration beneath. So to the cliffs of Avernus and the Sibyl's darksome caves the nations of old would flock from every side for counsel: and she would chant menace of heaven or decree of the Fates, a true prophetess despite Phoebus flouted. Soon it was thy lot to school the sons of Romulus destined to power, and steadfastly to guide them in the footsteps of their fathers. Under thee the Dardanian prover of the secret fire, who guards the shrine of that

[1] Line 166. i. e. Minerva of Sorrento.

[2] Line 168. Who was 'the Ausonian Lar'? Apparently Aeneas, who landed at Cyme, i. e. Cumae, on his arrival in Italy (*Aeneid*, vi. init.) and was worshipped, after he had disappeared from the earth, under the title of *Indiges*; see *Aeneid*, xii. 794, with Nettleship's note ad loc.

symbol which Diomedes filched from Troy, grew to man's estate and learnt in boyhood the rites from thee; thou didst approve and reveal to the Salii their shield-service and to the augurs presage of the truth in heaven, and who might consult the Sibyl's scroll, and why the head of the Phrygian priest is veiled; and sorely did the upgirt Luperci dread thy lash.

Now of that company one perchance is governor of Eastern nations, and one controls the races of the Ebro; one from Zeuma beats back Achaemenid Persian; these bridle the wealthy peoples of Asia, these the Pontic lands; these by peaceful authority purify our courts; those in loyal leaguer guard their camp[1];—*thou* art the well-spring of their fame. Who had vied with thee in moulding the heart of youth? Not Nestor, not Phoenix, warden of that tameless fosterling; not Chiron who, when Aeacides was fain to catch the warlike note of bugle and of clarion, with other strains subdued him.

Amid thy busy task the fratricidal Fury waved on a sudden her torch from the Tarpeian hill and fired another Phlegra. The Capitol blazed with sacrilegious brands and the armies of Latium took on the fury of the Senones. Scarce were those flames at rest, nor yet had the pyre of the gods sunk, when thy dauntless lips already eagerly conceived, and swifter than the fire itself, poured forth solace over our wrecked temples and dirge for the Thunderer's durance. The chiefs of Latium and Heaven's avenger

[1] Line 190. The reference is to the Emperor's Praetorian Guard.

Caesar marvelled, and out of the midst of the flames the Father of the gods signed praise. And now in strains of pity thou wast purposing to bewail the havoc Vesuvius had wrought and to pay tribute of tears to thy stricken country, what time the Father made the mountain to tower from earth to heaven, and hurled it far over those doomed cities.

And when I too craved entry to the groves of melody and those Boeotian glades, the goddesses bade me approach when I claimed sonship to thee. For to thee I owe not only boon of sky and earth and sea, that all men must owe to their parents, but whatsoever skill in song is mine: thou first didst teach me to utter no common strain but look for glory for my grave. What joy was thine whensoever I held the Fathers of Latium spell-bound with my song, and thou wast there as critic of the skill thou gavest! Ah, what tears troubled thy joy amid fatherly fears and shamefast rapture! Thine surely was the day, and my triumph not so great as thine! So when a father is watching his son in the lists at Elis, it is *he* that strikes, and *he* that deep in his heart feels the blow: he is the observed of all the tiers, on him the Achaeans gaze, while, devouring the arena[1] with his eyes till they can see no more, he swears to die, if but his son be crowned victor. Alas, that in thy sight my brow bore but the wreath of my own city, and no more than the wheaten chaplet of Chalcis! Dardan Alba had scarce contained thy joy, if through me the garland

[1] Line 223. Cf. Prop. iv. 2. 40.

bestowed by Caesar's hands had come to thee. What strength such triumph had given, what renewal of thy youth! For in that the crown of olive and of oak never rested on my brow and I was foiled of the hoped-for victory,—ah me! how blithely hadst thou received the unattainable reward of the Tarpeian Father! It was beneath thy guidance that my *Thebais* pressed close upon the assays of the minstrels of old. Thou didst teach me how to touch my song with fire, how to rehearse the deeds of heroes, the ways of warfare, the ranging of the scene. My path is uncertain, and my course wavers without thee: forlorn the barque, and her sails benighted. Nor was I alone cherished by thy bountiful love: to my mother thy heart was as true. Once only for thee was kindled the torch of espousals; one bride alone thou knewest. Surely I may not dissever my mother from thy cold ashes. Thou art in her thoughts and in her heart; thy face is before her eyes; at evening and at morning she greets thy grave, even as with counterfeit loyalty others pay homage to Egyptian and to Lydian sorrows and bewail the death of lovers not their own.

Grave thou wast, yet frank thy mien: why tell the tale of that and of thy loyalty, thy scorn of gain, thy watchfulness of honour, thy passion for righteousness? And anon in the joy of holiday the graces of thy wit, the light heart that never grew sad? For such service the discerning care of the gods granted thee name and fame in generous measure, and never to be downcast after any blow. Now thou art taken, father, neither

lacking years nor overburdened: ten times hast thou seen the quinquennial festival dawn since thy third lustre passed. But Love and Sorrow suffer me not to number thy days. Worthy wast thou, father, to overstep the limits of a Nestor's years and to vie with the patriarchs of Troy, yes, and to see in me thy counterpart! Yet even the gate of death had for thee no terrors. Light was the stroke: no lingering decease with the decay of age fore-dispatched thy body to the approaching tomb ere thy spirit passed. A drowsy numbness and death in the guise of sleep laid thee low, and in mimic slumber bore thee to the underworld.

Ah, then what lamentation was mine! In fear my comrades gazed, and gazed my mother on my ensample and gladly marked my tribute of tears. Oh, pardon me, ye Shades, and thou, father, let me be suffered to speak the word: *thou* hadst not shed more tears for me! Happy he who[1] in his foiled arms clasped his father, and though his place was in Elysium had been fain to tear him thence and bear him yet again through the phantom Greeks! When he was making essay and strove to tread with living feet the path to the underworld, the aged priestess guided him to Diana of the Shades. So over sluggish Avernus passed the Odrysian melodist on a lesser errand: so fared Admetus on the

[1] Line 266. I read 'felix qui' (cf. III. iii. 188) without supposing a lacuna. But the text is very uncertain. The passage is discussed and a conjectural restoration proposed by Prof. Housman in the *Classical Review*, vol. xx, p. 101.

shores of Thessaly: so Laodamia brought back[1] the shade of Protesilaus to his home. Why, father, cannot thy lute or mine gain any such boon from the Shades? Let but heaven suffer me, like them, to touch my father's face, to clasp his hand,—be the ordinance what it may!

But ye, Lords of the Shadow-world, and thou, Juno of Enna, if my prayer deserve your praise, remove the brands and the snaky tresses of the Eumenides: let the barking of your grim warder be hushed. Let the Centaurs and the teeming Hydra and monstrous Scylla be hidden in glades remote. Let the boatman of that last ferry sunder the crowd and beckon to the bank the time-worn shade, and set him softly in the mid-bark on the sea-weed. Up, loyal shades, and up, all ye thronging bards of Greece; up, and shower down chaplets from Lethe on the noble dead! Show him the grove that no Fury ever invades, the grove of mimic day and of heaven-like air.

But come thou thence, father,[2] by the gate of horn that surpasses the grudging ivory portal, and, mirrored in dreams, be my counsellor as of old. So came the gracious nymph to reveal to Numa in the Arician cave rite and manner of observing sacrifice: so the Ausonians deemed that in his sleep Scipio was inspired by Latian Jove; so was Sulla endowed with Apollo's grace.

[1] Line 273. 'Laudamia retro' (Phillimore).
[2] Line 288. 'venias, genitor.'* But cf. v. 2. 164.

IV *Crimine quo merui*

The poet invokes Sleep.

O SLEEP, gentlest of the sons of heaven, what sin what trespass of mine has doomed me alone to forfeit thy bounty? Silent everywhere are the flocks; hushed are bird and beast; the bowed tree-tops sleep or seem to sleep outworn; the boisterous rivers roar no longer; stilled is the raging of the sea; the waves are pillowed upon the shore in slumber. Yet a seventh moon-rise finds my feverish eyes fixed and sleepless; seven times the stars of morning and of evening have returned; seven times the dawn has passed by my moans, and sprinkled me pityingly with cool from her whip. Whence shall I find strength? Not though the thousand eyes of holy Argus were mine, wherewith in turn he kept vigil, nor was ever awake in all his bodily being at once. Yet now, alack,[1] if anywhere is one who, with loving arms wound close about him, of his own will spurns thee from him the livelong night, come hither, Sleep, from him to me. Shed not on my eyes all the feathers from thy wings; be that the prayer of happier souls; touch me but with the tip of thy wand—it is enough—or caress me as thine airy stride goes past.

[1] Line 14. 'heu! siquis' (Phillimore).

V *Me miserum! neque enim*

Statius laments the death of his adopted son.

AH me! Not with any[1] wonted prelude will I make assay to sing,—I that am now abhorred by Castalia's songful waters and to Phoebus hateful. Tell me, ye Sisters that haunt the Pierian mount, what mysteries or what altars of yours have I defiled? Be it granted—the penalty paid—to declare the trespass. It cannot be that I have set foot in sanctuary grove, or drunk of forbidden spring? What is the fault, what the grievous error that is thus atoned? See, the child that clings with dying embrace, aye, with his very soul about my heart, is torn from me. Not of my blood is he, not a son to wear my features and my name; his father I was not, yet look upon my tears; see the tear-stains upon my cheeks; and mistrust not my anguish of bereavement. Bereaved am I: come hither all ye that are fathers; and ye mothers, bare your breasts, and let every one that with tottering steps hath herself borne to the grave an unweaned son and beaten her teeming bosom and with her own milk quenched his last glowing ashes, endure to look upon these embers and this guilt. Come, every one that hath plunged into his funeral-fire a youth with the print of fresh-blooming manhood on his cheeks, and hath seen the cruel flame steal over the

[1] Line 1. 'ullis' (Peyraredus).

first down as he lay there; come and answer me groan for groan till thou faintest; for such an one will be worsted in the war of tears, and so will Nature be ashamed: such a savagery, such a frenzy of sorrow is mine. Even now that thrice ten days are past, as I lie upon his grave and struggle into speech, turning my sighs to song,—even now my strains are jangled, and choked with sobs is the dirge that with mournful lute I body forth. It is enough. My passion owns no curb of silence. But the wonted bays are not on my brow; the chaplet, the minstrels' livery, is not on my head. Only these yew leaves wither in my hair and sprays of sad cypress banish the blithe ivy: not with ivory touch do I sweep the strings, but with trembling hands senselessly slash the lyre to discord. Sweet it is, ah, sweet to pour forth an unhonoured lay and in disordered numbers to lay bare my sorrow and my pain. Is this my desert? Is it with mourning dress and song that heaven is to behold me? Must my Thebes and new-born Achilles be shamed thus? Shall never a strain of peace pour from my lips? I who (ah, how often!) with caressing words could balm the wounds of mothers and of fathers, and softly assuage the sorrow of the bereaved; I who could gently soothe the mourner, to whom the bitterness of death and the passing shade gave ear; I can no more; but must crave healing hands and compresses to be set[1] upon my wounds. Friends, this is the hour: O all ye whose streaming eyes and bleeding hearts

[1] Line 43. 'sessura' (Phillimore).

I have staunched, help me in turn; give me cruel recompense! Of a surety, when for your losses in sad strains[1] I made lament, one there was who chid me and upbraided me, saying, '*You who bewail the loss of others, store up your boding tears; keep*[2] *for your own heart your melancholy music!*' 'Tis true. My strength is spent: my store of speech fails me: naught worthy of this lightning sorrow hath my heart devised: all tones are too weak, all words too mean to avail. Forgive, my son! it is by thee that I am plunged in darkness and sorrow. Ah, stony-hearted Orpheus, that could see his bride's wounds and then find sweet matter for his muse: and hard Apollo, that with the funeral urn of Linus in his arms he was not dumb!

Call ye me gluttonous of grief and intemperate in sorrow? Say ye that I have outrun due shame in my weeping? Why, who art thou that blamest my sorrow and my sighing? O heart too blessed, O steely breast, unschooled in Fortune's sway, that dares lay down a law for lamentation and set bounds to tears. He doth but goad on our sorrow. Nay, go check overflowing rivers or stay consuming fires, ere thou forbiddest the broken heart to bleed. Yet let this stern censor, whoe'er he be, know my wound and my plight.

My darling was no parrot favourite bought from an Egyptian galley: no glib-tongued, pert-witted boy,

[1] Line 46. 'modis . . . maestis' (Klotz).
[2] Line 48. 'serva' (M).

well versed in the sallies of his native Nile. Mine he was, my own. A new-born babe I saw him and anointed him, and sang him lullaby: and as with shrill cry he claimed the new-won air I introduced him into life. What more did parents e'er bestow? Nay, second birth I gave thee, child, and freedom while thou wast yet an unweaned nursling, and didst laugh at my gift, as yet a thankless infant. Say that my love was hasty; yet that haste was thy due, lest such short-lived freedom should lose even a day. And shall I not now again in dishevelled grief assail Heaven and the unjust gods of the Underworld? Shall I not weep for thee, dear child, in whose life I never yearned for sons; whom from the first day of birth I knit and bound to my own heart; to whom I taught (ah! must I reveal my sorrow and my secret wounds!) both speech and language; and stooped to thee as thou didst play on the ground and lifted thee with my own hands to my embrace, and when thy eyes swam made thee hide them[1] in my caressing arms and there woo gentle sleep! My name was the first sound on thy little lips, my play thy joy, and all thy bliss was drawn from my smiles .....

[1] Line 85. 'feci operire' (Phillimore).

NOTES

I. iii. 5. *latravit Sirius.* This is one of those *expressions bizarres* of which M. Nisard complains. To modern taste the idea of a barking Dogstar is certainly grotesque. Professor Littledale has, however, kindly pointed out to me a close parallel in Spenser's *Shepheards Calender*:

> And now the Sun hath reared up
> His fierie footed teme,
> Making his way between the Cup
> And golden Diademe:
> The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
> With *dogges* of noysome breath
> Whose balefull *barking* brings in haste
> Pine, plagues and dreerie death.

with E. K.'s comment, 'The meaning whereof is that in July the Sun is in Leo. At which time the Dogge Star which is called Syrius and Canicula reigneth, and with immoderate heate causeth pestilence, drought, and many diseases.' Thus Spenser as well as Statius makes the Dogstar bark. See also *Silvae* IV. iv. 13, and Coleridge on Pope (*Biographia Literaria*, cap. 2, sub fin.): 'The Dog Star, so called, is turned into a real dog, a very odd dog, a Fire, Fever, Plague, and death-breathing, red-air-tainting dog,' &c.

21. The only parallel (if a parallel it be) for this use of *saxeus* is the *saxeus imber* of *Thebaid*, vii. 408. A slight transposition would remove the anomaly, and we ought perhaps to read 'Ipse Anien (miranda fides) infraque superque *Spum*eus hic tumidam rabiem *sax*osaque ponit Murmura'.

Statius has a trick of repeating himself. Remembering

this, compare the lines on the Inachus in *Thebaid*, iv. 119–21 :—

> Neque enim violentior exit
> Amnis humo, cum Taurum aut Pliadas hausit aquosas
> *Spumeus* et genero *tumuit* Iove.

and again in line 801 of the same book :—

> Iamque amne propinquo
> Rauca sonat valles, *saxosum*que impulit auris
> *Murmur*.

I. iv. 58 sqq. 'Stace mêle des dieux à tout ; il n'y a pas d'action si insignifiante, pas de personnage si petit, qui ne puisse faire sortir un dieu de l'Olympe, et deux à besoin . . . Voici maintenant Gallicus, préfet de Rome, grand ami de Domitien, qui est pris de léthargie. Vite, Stace fait descendre Apollon du sommet des Alpes, où il a un temple ; il le transporte à Épidaure, chez Esculape, son fils. Apollon implore les secours du divin médecin pour ce Gallicus, qui n'est pas poëte et n'a rien à prétendre d'Apollon. Les deux dieux arrivent à Rome, la robe relevée à la manière de Pœon, et Gallicus sort de son sommeil, au risque d'y retomber, s'il lit les félicitations mythologiques de son ami Stace ! '—Nisard, pp. 273–4.

I. v. 39. 'Quaeque Tyri vincas fucatam sindona, rupes.' Two proposals for the restoration of this perplexing passage (*Philologus*, 1905, p. 120, and *C. R.* xx, pp. 38–9) are grounded on the assumption that porphyry could not occur in a yellow-marble quarry. Such an assumption, however, appears to be ill-grounded. Expert opinion is to the effect that porphyry may quite well occur in such quarries ; while there is the further possibility that Statius may have applied the term *purpura* to the purple variety of marble called *Pavonazzo* which is taken from these quarries (see the chapter on *Marmor Numidicum* in Miss Porter's book *What Rome was built with*).

This porphyry, then, is to be regarded as a curiosity, and Statius is careful to say where it was found, since that is the chief reason why it is pointed out and prized. Now 'nothing is known of marble quarries at Tyre and Sidon' (Housman, *C. R.* loc. cit.). M. Lafaye's citation of 'punica rupes' from Prudentius, *contra Symm.* ii. 246, is inconclusive, as *punica* there may refer simply to the *colour* of the stone indicated. The combination of Tyre and Sidon suggests the fancy of a monkish copyist, and Sidŏnius (sic) seems only to occur once again in Statius, although he uses the word at least thirty-two times. My own conjecture was suggested by the line of Martial (iv. 19. 12) 'Non sic in *Tyria sindone* cultus eris'. This poem was written at a supper-party (Praef. i. 31–2), and the comparison might well have been prompted by the *sindon* in which a fellow-guest had come. The change involved is in the case of two words very slight and readily illustrated from corruptions elsewhere in the *Matritensis*. For the form of expression *Tyri fucatam*, cf. Horace's '*Mileti textam* chlamydem' (*Epp.* i. 17. 30). The juxtaposition—*sindona, rupes*—is of course intentional, the purples of Nature have outdone the purples of Art. But *fucatam* for *secat et* is a violent alteration. 'Quaeque Tyri vincas *fucum et quae* sindona, rupes' would be palaeographically easier. The conjecture does not claim to be more than a *pis-aller*, which more or less satisfies the difficult conditions of the problem.

II. i. 128–31. The rendering of these lines is borrowed almost entirely from that given by Mr. Hugh Macnaghten in a note on the passage, in the *J. Phil.* vol. xix, no. 37 (1891). 'Nothing can be plainer than this' (says Mr. Macnaghten), 'Melior was eager to give Glaucias the best of everything; even before the usual age he dressed him in *laenae* and *lacernae*, made small especially to suit him.

Instead of buying clothes which Glaucias will " grow into", everything is made to fit exactly, and this of course involves the constant purchase of new dresses.' *Quas vestis*, which many emend, is from *Thebaid*, vi. 79, a passage worth comparing with this.

IV. iii. 27. ' Is this the sense ? Does not Statius mean that in old days the road was difficult for a two-wheeled cart (one axle), whereas it is now possible for a *raeda* or *petorritum*, with four wheels ? ' (W. R. H.)

IV. iv. 83–4. This is one of the very few passages which Markland (Praef. p. xvii) gives up in despair. (1) If *toto mari* could mean *all along the sea-board* there would be no difficulty. But this appears to be impossible. Nor (2) is there any evidence, either in Pliny's letters, or, according to Vollmer, in other authors, to show that the sea gained much in the eruption. (3) Vollmer himself reads *tosto . . . mari* and understands the expression to refer to the sea *of lava* that engulfed the fields. But this seems intolerably vague and ambiguous, nor does he establish such a meaning of *mare*. (4) *Abiisse* can hardly refer, as Stephens suggests, to the appearance of fresh islands in the bay, thrown up by the shock which attended the eruption. (5) To obtain a passable sense the translator conjectures *fato pari* (a change of three letters) and understands the words to mean that the fields were blotted out by the same catastrophe that overwhelmed cities and peoples also. The occurrence of the plural *fata* in the next line but one does not necessarily put this suggestion out of court, for ' the Greek and Roman writers were not nearly so sensitive as ourselves to such repetitions ' (Leeper, quoted in *C. R.* xxi. 43b). Statius has *aequali fato* in *Achilleid*, i. 177 (but with a different sense), and *subito fato* occurs in the *Silvae*, II. iv. 3, q.v.

V. ii. 162. The following sketch of Crispinus in his friend's lecture-room is one of M. Nisard's happiest etchings from the *Silvae* (*Études*, &c., vol. i, pp. 288–9).

'Crispinus est le plus ardent de ses amis; il y a dans son admiration plus que de l'intolérance. Crispinus ne souffre pas les amis tièdes, et il est prêt à chercher querelle aux indifférents. Crispinus fait placer les gens aux lectures de Stace; il indique d'avance ce qui sera beau. Quand son voisin s'extasie à quelque chute harmonieuse: "Vous n'y êtes pas encore," lui dit-il, "attendez!" Jusqu'à ce qu'on soit arrivé au passage qui emporte tout, Crispinus s'enfle, il retient son haleine, il s'emplit d'air, il va étouffer. Heureusement Stace est à la fin de son improvisation; alors Crispinus éclate, saute au cou de son maître, baise ses cheveux, chiffonne sa robe si bien arrangée à la grecque; il parcourt l'assemblée, il y échauffe les applaudissements. N'allez pas au moins le contredire dans un tel moment; il ferait bientôt siffler à vos oreilles l'épée que vient de lui donner César.'

Index of the First Lines of the Silvae

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA

Page 9, note 1. *Add* Dr. Verrall returns to the subject in an article in the *Albany Review* for August 1908, entitled *Dante on the baptism of Statius.*

Page 81, line 15. *For* Such was the fortune of thy birth *read* Such bounty the Fortune of the house bestowed.

Page 84, last line but two. *For* not yet *read* nor yet.

Page 147, note. *Add* If we read *caelum*, lumina (M) gains immediate significance. These '*clarissima mundi lumina*' are Vespasian and Titus, 'stars in the Flavian firmament' who are consecrated to be the beacons of the Roman people (genti patriae) for ever; the *sidera* of V. i. 240, the *rata numina* of IV. ii. 59, the *astra* of I. i. 98.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

TENTAMINA

OR ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION INTO LATIN AND GREEK VERSE

OXFORD, 1900.